

caper

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ONE FOR GOOD
MEASURE

TAKE ME BACK
TO THE BALLGAME

BIGGEST BUSTS
OF ALL TIME

AMERICA MEETS
ITS MATCH

SWINGING TIMES
IN SCANDINAVIA

THE RUDE NUDES

FLAVORSOME FICTION,
AMUSING ARTICLES & 18
(THAT'S RIGHT, 18) PAGES
OF WINSOME WENCHES







marge never
touches a drink
of hard
liquor, but
you can
always find
her at
the bar on
pages 7,
8, 9, 10 & 11

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**I
Know
You
Edie
Gordon**

Edie Gordon





EDIE MADE MEN FEEL
LIKE WALKING ON AIR.

■ E. W. NORTHNAGEL

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE
DONE THAT, EDIE, NO
FOOLING. YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE STRUNG OLD LARRY
ALONG. YOU'LL BE SORRY.
IF I HADN'T FOUND OUT
BEFORE I WENT ON THE
ROAD THIS TRIP I'D HAVE
FALLEN LIKE A PIMPLY-
FACED TEENAGER FOR THE
WHOLE DEPRAVED AND
SCHEMING FIVE-FOOT-
THREE OF YOU. BUT I KNOW
YOU NOW, EDIE GORDON!
ON THE DRESSER OF MY
TRACY MOTEL ROOM
THERE'S A TWELVE
HUNDRED DOLLAR
DIAMOND RING FLASHING
AT ME. IT WOULD HAVE
BEEN ON YOUR FINGER
TOMORROW IF I HADN'T
SEEN THE MORNING
PAPERS. I HAVE A NEW
T-BIRD, A DEPOSIT ON A
SEASIDE HOUSE IN LAGUNA,
NEARLY FIFTEEN THOU-
SAND IN THE BANK, AND
A THREE-WEEK HAWAII
VACATION ALL LINED UP
SOON'S I SEE MY
CUSTOMERS UP IN FRISCO.
THE WHOLE PACKAGE
WOULD'VE BEEN YOURS,
TOMORROW, IF I HADN'T
READ THE PAPERS. THAT'S
WHAT I THOUGHT OF YOU
YESTERDAY, YOU WITCH!
BEFORE I GOT WISE TO YOU.
(JUST A MINUTE WHILE
I POUR ME ANOTHER
SCOTCH ON THE ROCKS;
THE BEST, TOO. GOT
NOTHING TO SAVE MY
MONEY FOR NOW,
YOU KNOW.)
I WASN'T ON THE MAKE OR
ANYTHING THAT NIGHT I
SAUNTERED (TURN PAGE)



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camera kit!

into the Trumpet Room with my San Francisco dealer, Charlie Piers. I never saw so many guys hanging around anybody in my life. Ten, fourteen, all crowding up to the piano bar where you were playing such beautiful music. Let's see, "Smoke Gets in My Eyes"—that's what you were playing when Charlie and I got our first look at you through that slobbering crowd.

"What's going on?" I asked Charlie as we ordered from the bar. "Looks like a riot?"

"Some broad," he said. Charlie Piers regarded all women as broads. He never had any respect for women, having been married three times, the last to a real queen who was never home—probably why Charlie was always chasing around. Maybe Charlie had the right idea. You sure changed my attitude about women, you better believe! For nearly fifty years now I've had a pretty high opinion, though I seen some real doozies out on the road, but Charlie was right: a broad is just a broad.

We were on our second round before there was room at the piano bar. Remember how my eyes bugged out, and how red I turned, when you first poured those green eyes on me; how you sang your lying heart out "just for me" when I requested "April in Paris"? You sure looked pretty in that tight red dress that pouched your breasts out big, high and sharp, and showed a lot of tan shoulders and neck. I was irked at the drunks who kept looking down the valley of your bosom. All I could see was the sweetness of your baby face, the way your golden hair was piled up, the dewy glisten of your incredibly full lips.

Charlie, I'll admit, had you pegged from the start. He was going mad over your sexy body like the rest of them. But ole Larry—no! I was smitten, wasn't I? Bet you got your kicks over the nice old man with delusions.

"You know, Larry," Charlie whispered while you played, "all these guys are flipping, but the guy who'll sleep with her is the silent man standing at the end of the bar."

I remember signalling the waitress to bring you a drink—bourbon and ginger, wasn't it?—while Charlie was being so all-knowing and cynical. Once he even winked at me.

"She won't go to bed with anybody," I said to Charlie. "Did it ever occur to you she's a hard working girl who's job is being pleasant? Don't you think she gets sick of all these make-out artists? Charlie, I been around. This kid is genuine." Isn't that a laugh, Edie? That's what I told Charlie that night.

"Ha!" Charlie gave me a dirty laugh.

"You want to bet on who she leaves with tonight?"

"Charlie, your mind is in the gutter all the time. I been on the road selling optics for twenty years and I can spot a nice girl when I see one. If she leaves with anybody, it'll be somebody with good intentions. Like me."

"What a dreamer! That broad's out for kicks. Bet you fifty bucks she'll walk out with that mug at the end of the bar at two o'clock—or with me. And my intentions aren't honorable. How's that information grab you?"

"I have fifty that says you're wrong." Boy, you're an actress, Edie, I'll say that much!

I still can't understand how it happened. I'm on the road nearly 300 days a year and I'm lonely. Nobody goes for a guy in middle age, balding, a little paunchy, red from high blood pressure, kind of puritanical (that's the way I was brought up), and somewhat frugal (I like my security). Nobody goes for a guy like that unless he throws his money around, and I don't do that, you know. Maybe that's why I thought this was it, the thing I've been looking for all these years, when you cold-shouldered the bunch and slipped down beside me at the last intermission of the evening.

"You're nice," you said. "What song you like?"

Looking at you, I froze. My mouth was dry—I'm not used to such lovely girls warming up to me like that. I couldn't think of a thing except "I Can't Get Started With You," and I don't even like that song. Charlie was nudging me all the time, did you notice? Sure you did! You were setting Charlie up, too, weren't you, Actress?

"Buy you a drink?" I asked. "My name is Larry Clumm."

"I'm Edie Gordon. You must be new around here." You smiled so alluringly. "I'll have plain ginger. I'd be a D.T. case if I drank every drink I was offered. I'm sure you understand."

At one-thirty Charlie was out of his mind speculating about your evening's boudoir fate as I was "cornering the market," huh? If you will recall, after they covered the piano you sat beside me and had a night cap. We were well acquainted by then. You knew I was a lonely, strait-laced bachelor selling for Peerless Optics on the west coast out of Los Angeles. I knew you to be a hard-working, single pianist on your fourth regional tour these past ten months and I thought you too, though only twenty-three, were a woman of rigid moral fiber. O you witch! O you actress!

(Just a minute while I fix a warm Scotch and tap water and order ice. I

have more to say to you, you better believe! Ah, that tastes good. It calms me down. And I sure need calming down every time I look at this early morning's paper.)

Back to our night, that meant so much to me: I asked to take you to breakfast at Sherman's. "I can do better than Sherman's," you teased. "That is, if you like blueberry pancakes. But getting into my apartment is something *else* again. It's a woman's house and there aren't any male visitors allowed up into our rooms after eleven."

You have no idea how proud I was of you then. But the drinks revealed all my burning desire for you. "I could get into an oyster shell if you were there waiting for me."

"Bellevue Towers, Apartment 627," you whispered, blowing a kiss at me and vanishing through the side door. I sat dumb, shaking all over from the lingering aura of your nearness. Charlie Piers grinned like—(pardon me, the boy is here with the ice. I better fix myself a stiff fresh drink).

"You slippery old Romeo, you!" Charlie said, cheering for me. "I'll slit my throat if I wind up paying you my last fifty bucks."

I was pretty self-contained then, smiling all over, aching all over for you. You certainly didn't think I'd make it with you, did you?

Charlie left me confronting Bellevue Towers, your eight story "working girls' apartment building on the hillside of Powell above Market, a citadel holding a vertical neon sign out from its cliff-like face.

"Your word's as good as gold," Charlie said. He patted me knowingly on the shoulder, winked, and said he'd call me the next day—late.

I felt silly standing in the quiet lobby. The frail old lady at the desk looked down her nose at me. "Sorry, no men are allowed to see the ladies after eleven." She indicated a husky guard who was thumbing through a magazine. His eyes were mean and cold.

You'll never know what I went through that night. First, I stumbled in through the alley exit, but the alley door led to the same lobby and the same cold eyes of the guard. I reconnoitered the building and, from Powell Street, I looked up hungrily at the lighted windows, deciding which were yours. There were eight stories and the only lighted windows on the sixth floor, a few to the left of the elongated neon sign, had to be them. I was excited and nervous as I returned to the dark alley and contemplated the metal fire escape. That was the only way, my muddled mind figured. See how you had me going?

Certain that nobody was watching I moved a trash can under the bottom of
(Continued on page 6)



"For goodness sakes, Ralph, get your elbows off the table!"

the fire escape ladder, wincing with each sound; then I fumbled around for a wooden crate to put on top of the can. Balancing myself atop these precarious props my fingers barely reached the first rung of the metal stairs. I held my breath and pulled. I almost died when, once I put my weight onto the first rung, the metal hit the crate, toppling the crate and the can with a loud crash. I stood petrified on the second or third step and waited. Light from the rear door silhouetted the guard who looked right, then left, but not up, before closing the door. When he withdrew I heaved a sigh of relief and climbed. It was a lot of work, huffing up eight flights of old-fashioned fire escape on a chilly night, full of liquor and fuzzy-minded. All I could see was you, the pot of gold at the end of the beautiful rainbow.

I sat on the asphalt shingles of the roof, panting. Panting so hard almost made me sick to my stomach. I crossed the roof, on tip-toe, almost jerking my arm off as my coat hooked a vent pipe. I looked down at Powell Street, empty and hard, and at the bars holding up the vertical neon sign that blinked "Bellevue Towers." I swore that was the light from your windows just below me, a little to the right. God, it was chilly; my fingers were numb. I was scared.

Again and again I confirmed that the roof door was securely locked and reluctantly returned to the edge. Certain that nobody was below on Powell, I straddled the tiles, trying to work up nerve to reach for the sign supports. When I looked straight down I got dizzy. Your sweet face kept floating in front of me. The neon sign kept blinking the promise of you. I leaned over and my sweaty hands connected with the cold metal. I was committed. Thanks to the Scotch I was able to swing my legs over onto a bar of the tiny service ladder paralleling the sign. My trouser pocket ripped on a gutter spout. I hung there, against the midge ladder, breathing hard; then I climbed shakily downward toward you for the two stories.

The neon sign crackled on my left; sort of hissing, burning. It contrasted with the cold, dark brick of the building wall; the black windows. My only hope was down the ledge, to those two bright windows. I almost missed a foothold; then clung, shaking. When I had worked up enough nerve I stretched a foot to the narrow ledge rimming the sixth floor. I stood in this awkward pose, sweating like a Trojan, one foot on the ladder and one foot on the ledge, trying to keep from looking down at the vacant sidewalk, trying to decide what to use for support. I was getting dizzy. Slowly my eyes focused on a darkened window frame. I gripped it

and pulled myself flat against the building, balanced on a ledge no wider than the length of my shoes. Splattered against the brick and the window well, I inched to the left toward the rays of light that *had* to be yours.

Big deal! Did you think I'd make it? Did you think old man Larry Clumm would loom in front of the lighted window, tapping on the glass, six stories above Powell Street on a chilly January morning? Sweating, shaking, scratched up and torn up, I was a young boy meeting his sweetheart when your eyes widened at the sight of me there outside the glass of your window.

"It's about time?" you said impishly as you threw open the window and whisked me into the warm, luxurious bedroom. You clasped me to your bodice. I nearly passed out. "Take off your coat—it's torn. Let me fix you a nice drink while you clean up." It flattered you, didn't it? Me, middle-aged and half drunk, making it with you like that.

(Speaking of a nice drink, I just fixed me another, with plenty of ice. I get very flustered thinking of that most incredible night.)

You can never take that one night away from me. I removed my torn coat, brick-

stained shirt, white-scuffed black shoes, and washed the sweat from my face, and I took the drink and sprawled out in your bedroom chair. I was still shaky. You stood in front of me in a white gown, very diaphanous—I could see the nipples of your firm breasts poking mischievously at the nylon.

"I'd do it all over again," I told you, if you could possibly remember.

Every touch and taste, smell and sound, is alive in me, so you can't take that night away from me, Edie Gordon! The softness and smell of your bed, the warm and firm pliancy of your body—how I needed you that night!

"But, why?" I asked late that morning with the sunlight streaming across the bed, "didn't we go to a hotel? This place is like Fort Knox."

"I wasn't worth it?" you pouted. I reassured you with tender kisses and strong words.

You explained. "Could you imagine what it's like having every guy and his uncle chasing you for the same reason? Well, I liked you as soon as we met but I didn't really know you and, well, I thought that if you were serious, if you cared enough, you'd—" You met my smile. "You did!"

I understood, and appreciated, and I was suddenly in love.

When I talked to Charlie Piers he immediately saw right through old Larry Clumm. "Okay, here's your fifty bucks, you Lothario, you!"

"Keep it." I couldn't keep a straight face. "My conscience simply wouldn't let me."

"Like that, huh?" he said, shrugging. good-naturedly.

And then, this morning, in this motel in Tracy, I read the story in the paper. It said:

San Francisco. A local sales representative fell to his death from near the top of Bellevue Towers, an eight-story apartment-hotel for working girls, about three o'clock this morning.

He was identified by the police as Charles Piers, 42.

Detective-sergeant Billy Trumble, who examined the badly crushed body of Piers on the sidewalk near the building entrance, suspects that the victim had fallen from the service ladder of the hotel sign while trying to gain entrance to the apartment of a lady resident. Hotel rules do not allow male guests to visit residents after eleven o'clock, he said.

Piers was the third man to fall to his death from the Bellevue Towers within the past calendar year.

I know you now, Edie Gordon. You'll be sorry! □







HABEAS CORPUS







If a jury can be swayed,
Marge London (herein
known as the Party of the
First Part) will win
every case. Marge is a law
student at a major
Eastern university. When
classroom discussion
turns to the subject of
torts, demurrers or
diversity proceedings, and
the Party of the First
Part makes a motion, her
male colleagues
rarely rise to object.







WHEN ASKED IF SHE WILL ENJOY BEING ONE OF THE FEW WOMEN PRACTICING LAW,





MARGE REQUESTED A CONTINUANCE, SINCE AT THE PRESENT SHE IS NON SUI JURIS.





Headlines and deadlines
with the American editors of
the Scandinavian Times
by Bob Abel

HUCHES

2011 12 1967 (31)

RECOGNITION

**SWINGING TIMES
IN SCANDINAVIA**

Americans like to think of themselves as a realistic people, but the truth of the matter is that myth and legend die hard in America. Among the more durable of American legends is the Horatio Alger story, an adjunct of the "Any Boy Can Grow Up To Be President" school of belief. Another, albeit more recent, legend is that of Americans and the Good Life abroad. Ever since the vintage boozing days of Hemingway and Fitzgerald, Americans have been expatriating themselves to Europe in the belief that they can live it up abroad as they never could at home. And, for that matter, they sometimes manage to do just that—for as long as their money holds out.

Noel Fox and Dan Michelson, a couple of expatriates in their early thirties, have managed to act out parts of both the Horatio Alger and Americans Abroad legends without becoming either incredibly rich or incredibly dissolute in the process. Slightly over five years ago, they were two not-so-innocents abroad, eager to remain in Europe but with neither the visas nor the finances to do so. Today they are the respectable and respected editor-publishers (they share this billing equally) of a unique, prospering newspaper venture known as the Scandinavian *Times*. While it may not rival *The New York Times* or *The Times of London* or the *Los Angeles Times* in either affluence or influence, the Copenhagen-based publication does enjoy a fair measure of affluence-influence and can claim several distinctions which are a guide to its current place in the Scandinavian sun.

If you are an American who has visited any of the

Scandinavian nations or an American of Scandinavian extraction, there's a good chance you've seen the Fox-Michelson publication. If you're an American living in any of the Scandinavian countries, it's almost certain that you're a full-fledged partisan of the paper. The first—and only—English-language newspaper to serve the five Scandinavian countries which use English as a common second language (Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Sweden and Norway), the *Times* today finds itself—with the failure of the London *American*—the largest American weekly outside the continental United States. Circulation is closing in on 23,000 (the much-discussed *Village Voice* sells around 19,000 per issue) and whenever the paper is used in Scandinavian schools as an English-language or current events aid, the figure tops 40,000. Special issues, such as last year's "Scandinavian Design Issue," shoot circulation up as high as 70,000.

An even better index of success is the fact that some of the *Times'* circulation and advertising promotions are now being emulated by the European editions of *The New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune*. Fox and Michelson, on the other hand, can now afford to concentrate on larger and better issues as opposed to those years when building up circulation was the essential concern. The paper's financial footing is no longer in doubt, and it has been hailed by both the Danish and U.S. governments as a continuing link of understanding between this country and those of northern Europe. Further accolades have come from the United States Information Agency, which is particu-

larly grateful for those special issues which go to high school students throughout Scandinavia. Accolades won't pay the bills, it is true, but they certainly give some indication of how far the *Times* has progressed since those first months when Fox and Michelson were not only editor-publishers, but the entire staff, of their upstart publication.

It was five years ago this past June that Fox and his co-editor and co-editorial staff found themselves riding out to the Copenhagen Air Terminal with the first copy of their brainchild. Not unmindful of the need to publicize their venture, they had decided to present copy No. 1 of issue No. 1 to Adlai Stevenson, who was scheduled to stop over in Copenhagen on his way to Russia. The Adlai operation (the paper's lead story was on Stevenson) was a success, a harbinger, perhaps, of the good things that were eventually to happen.

Recalling that journey to the airport, neither Fox nor Michelson can remember any trepidation felt in meeting Mr. Stevenson or in his reaction to their presentation. After all, hadn't they started the first English-language newspaper in Scandinavia with very little capital, absolutely no publishing experience, practically no knowledge of Danish (Michelson spoke a little) or any other Scandinavian tongue, and not a single business contact in Copenhagen? Yes, they had, and their first issue actually showed a profit. Then for two years their publishing empire had to be chronicled in red ink only. The third year, however, brought a profit and the next year doubled this profit. Today the *Times* is a small, but

sprawling, organization with a Copenhagen staff of ten, a Stockholm bureau of three full-time employees, plus correspondents on retainer in the rest of Scandinavia and in England, and advertising representatives in a host of countries. This growth has been achieved without the aid of wealthy backers or, for that matter, almost any outside help—Fox and Michelson own ninety-two per cent of the paper—so the paper, now in its sixth year of operation, heads for a future which is unmortgaged and potentially unblemished. Fox and Michelson aren't the types to sit back and contemplate their laurels—they recently took on the assignment of representing *Show Magazine* in Scandinavia—but there's no denying that their upstart publication has become something of a venerable institution in but a short half-decade.

Curiously enough, quite apart from its distinctions as a newspaper or business venture, the *Times* enjoys a rather unique role in the social life of the Danish capital. Located in a picturesque, 200-year-old building smack in the middle of the city's buzzing cafe district, the *Times* is a kind of Mecca for male job-seekers who have heard of the reputation of the local womenfolk and evidently expect that a position with the *Times* will gain them a lot of freelance work on the side. The paper also receives a constant stream of requests "for a girl to marry," although it neither encourages nor honors such love-lorn mail. But all the single American men who have worked for the *Times* have ended up with Danish brides.

On the other hand, the
(Continued on page 14)

compliment is reversed in a sense by these same local damsels. As Fox explains it: "Whenever we advertise in the Danish papers for office help, we get people who want to change their lives—girls on the brink of leaving the country." When these Danish girls do leave the *Times*, it's precisely for the reason they came to the *Times*—they want to change their lives, so they emigrate to America.

In the midst of this marry-go-round or emigrate syndrome, both Fox and Michelson drank full and well, they signify, of the local excitement. Now, however, in keeping with their status as veteran editor-publishers of a half-decade's tenure, both are settled down with two local belles who *didn't* have to emigrate to America to change their lives. Michelson married first, and Fox joined the club last fall—merely the most recent instance of both going the same route, first apart, and then together.

The two met while in the Navy during the Korean War. Since both were native New Yorkers, they remained friends after discharge—when they experienced that peculiar combination of discontent and ennui that affects many young men who get out of the service and don't know what the hell it is they want to do. Michelson, who had graduated Colgate (B.A. in English) before going into the service, now found himself working with his father in the construction business—"I worked for nine months and built seventeen houses before going mad"—until he decided to change his life and go to Europe.

Remembering some old salts' Navy yarns about Copenhagen, he spent some time there, found the tales were true, and spent some more time there. Finally, however, he traded Danish pastry for Spanish *paella*, settling in southern Spain. After six months in the Spanish sun, he headed back to Copenhagen, where he attended both graduate school (film-making) and a young lady, but the pursuit of the latter form of education eventually proved too taxing and he resumed his Scandinavia-Spain commutation. A fortunately brief period of training for the bullring was terminated by a tough young bull, and an English-language program on the Spanish radio was terminated by an even more potent Spanish phenomenon known as General Franco. It was about this time that Fox caught up with the nomadic Michelson, and Spain's loss was once more to be Denmark's advantage.

Fox, for his part in this disorganization man soul-search, had undertaken graduate work in physics at City College and writing courses elsewhere after leaving the service in 1955. His writing proved more promising than his thermodynamics, so Fox tried his hand at free lance public relations work and "serious" writing, punctuating these efforts with more mundane—and gainful—employment which enabled

him to set aside some money. Finally, he too decided that the world was too much with him and that a change of scenery was the only answer. He wrote Michelson of his intentions, and the two malcontents were reunited in Spain during 1958.

Both agreed that they wanted to remain in Europe and both were completely in accord with the selection of Copenhagen as a base of operations. There remained only the small matter of how to accomplish the above, and somehow, under the influence of a warm spring sun and innumerable *fundadors*, they managed to convince one another that it would be a "lot of fun" to start an English-language newspaper in the Danish capital despite the considerable handicaps cited earlier. Their rationale: tourists would be grateful for information on what was going on and Scandinavians could surely use an outlet to present their goods and ideas before an English-speaking audience. Thus, when the effect of the *fundadores* wore off, their enthusiasm for the project remained inviolate. Since neither had the slightest tinge of experience with newspapering, they stopped off in Madrid and Paris to learn what they could about the business. Then, armed only with a small bankroll and their undiminished enthusiasm, they arrived in Copenhagen all set to start a newspaper.

Since they had nothing if not the best of intentions, neither anticipated any trouble with the Danish government. But, as it turned out, a full-scale assault on Danish officialdom was needed to win the day for the would-be newsprint neophytes.

To begin with, there had never been a foreign language newspaper in Denmark nor a newspaper run by foreigners, and the Danes were melancholy about creating a precedent. When Fox and Michelson applied for their work and press permits, they were received with politeness but received no permits. As undaunted as Lief Ericson himself, they pressed onward, choosing June 27—the date of Stevenson's arrival—as their paper's birth date.

June 27 drew closer, but still no permits. The two went to the Danish Tourist Association for aid and solace, and there they were apprised that (1) "other papers" were being started for the same purpose as their own (2) the name *Scandinavian Times* was already registered and (3) they would need \$250,000 to start such a paper. As it happened: (1) was true, but within six months the two "other parties" came to the *Times* in quest of jobs; (2) wasn't true—the name was theirs, and (3) was perhaps true in theory, but they didn't own a quarter of a million dollars and couldn't wait until they did—so they didn't wait, and it's a good thing, too, because they're still considerably short of that sum.

As with all pioneers, they proved that there are more than twenty-four hours in a day if you're busy enough to need more

than the allotted quota. Setting up shop in a tiny office, they ignored sleep for the following pursuits: printing up stationery; devoting great globs of it to "thousands" of letters requesting information, advice and news copy; badgering skeptical merchants for advertising and everyone they came in contact with for subscriptions; organizing distribution; renting typewriters; installing telephones; hiring a secretary, and attempting to learn all they could about newspapering before starting to publish one. Fox concedes that they worked "around the clock," but he has always been one for understatement.

Advised to use a rotary press, they had to search far and wide before locating the printer who met their needs—*Information*, a World War II underground outfit which had stayed in business after the war as a politically independent paper. Here, at least, they met with cordiality and, even more important, with credit. Arrangements were made for a first issue of eight pages and a run of 7,000. All that was lacking was the right to go ahead with any press run at all.

By the 24th, they had still not been granted a press permit and so Fox and Michelson relied on the power of the press to get their own presses rolling. Contacting all the local newspaper editors, they told them about the birth pangs of the still-unborn *Scandinavian Times* and this resulted in a big news splash in the Danish press. Still no word from officialdom, however. "We received phone permission the day the paper was printed," Fox recalls.

Since that *Perils of Pauline* inaugural, the *Times* has more than tripled that first press run in real circulation and today it enjoys a readership on five continents. The Danish Tourist Association now takes large quantities of the paper to give away to tourists, and the paper can be found in Danish hotels, travel bureaus, embassies and in world-wide branches of Danish firms. The same is true, in varying degrees, in the other Scandinavian countries.

At least one innovation in newspaper operation has been instituted by the *Times* that is perhaps unique in the world. Recognizing that there are many people outside Scandinavia who are interested in Scandinavian affairs but can't read any of the local languages, the *Times* has made a special effort in getting the paper to people in other countries, particularly America. In early 1960, the *Times* began air-mailing 5,000 copies for sale in this country, concentrating on cities with large Scandinavian populations such as Minneapolis, St. Paul, Seattle and Portland. Today there are some 4,000 *Times* subscribers in the U.S., many of them third-generation Americans whose own parents have somehow lost interest in their parent's homeland.

(Continued on page 20)

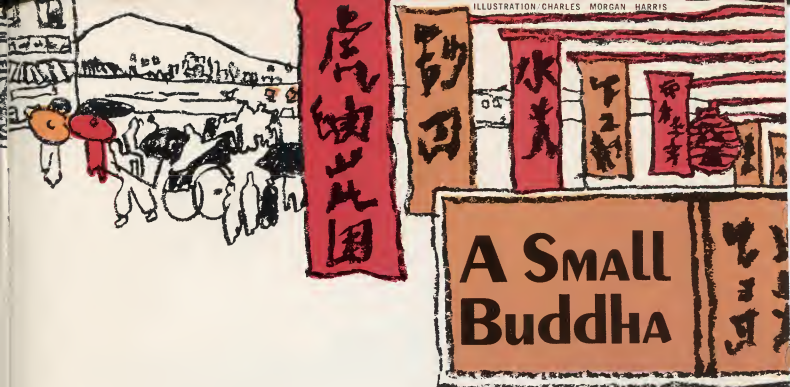




... IF HE GAIN THE
WHOLE WORLD AND
LOSE HIS OWN SOUL?
BY GORDON A. WEAVER

Mr. Damrong walked swiftly down the steps from the Ministry of Royal State Railways. The sun was almost unbearable, even to a native Thai, during the hot season in May. Mr. Damrong's white shirt, the sign of his clerk's status, stuck to his skin in patches, and his necktie circled his throat, tight as a noose, and flapped moistly against his shirt front as he hurried through the baking streets of Bangkok. As he neared the Chinese sector in Sampeng Lane, he quickened his pace still more to keep himself from turning back. No, he would not turn about and return to the office; he would keep his appointment with the American, Mr. Spoad, at the shop of the Chinese jeweler. • He trotted past a fishmonger's stall, mopping his face and neck with a linen handkerchief, and remembered civil service holidays he had spent with his wife, watching the fishermen on the river between the temples of Wat Aroon and Wat Poh. The holy temples seemed to be guardians of even the little fishes in the river, keeping a stern and sacred monk's eye on the fishermen from the shores of the east and west banks. • Not even the little fishes may be killed. Mr. Damrong thought bitterly of the commands of his religion. Dare not to kill even a fish, or a scorpion, or a fly, for who can hope to know who has been born again in a lowly form of life because of evil committed in a life gone by? So the fishermen heeded the word of Buddha, and did not break the

spine of a fish with the handle of a knife, nor did they cut off their heads. The fish were thrown on the grassy banks of the river to die. If they died because they were taken from the water, was that not then the will of Buddha? • For surely, the fisherman who took life might be reborn as a fish himself for this transgression. Bloody rot! thought Mr. Damrong in English, imagining the words to sound like those of Mr. Kent, the British legation clerk as whose guest he often went to the British Club to drink Irish whisky and play billiards. • Bloody rot! A sensitive man could smell the distant odor of the Chinese when he entered Sampeng Lane. And if he, Mr. Damrong, did not raise money immediately to pay for the treatment of his wife at the Chulalongkorn Hospital, would that not be as hypocritical as the fishermen allowing their fish to suffocate on the river banks rather than kill them with their own hands? No, he would keep his appointment with Mr. Spoad, the American. • The heat of the day seemed to increase, and the noise was almost intolerable—a racket of Thai and Chinese: curses, oaths, and whining, meaninglessly polite exchanges. As Mr. Damrong passed the meat markets, the smell of hides and blood was heavy in the air. Impossible! Mr. Damrong thought. We eat pork with great satisfaction, but ease our conscience by allowing the Chinese to slaughter our pigs for us. Who may not have been reborn a pig? Mr. Damrong held his



nose with the damp tips of his small clerk's fingers, and hurried past the animal pens and slaughter sheds. He began to watch the shop signs for the jeweler's. And the Chinese, he reflected, grow fat as pigs on our stupidity and superstition. • Mr. Kent, the Englishman, had made it clear when Mr. Damrong had told him of his wife's illness, and mentioned the possibility to him. • Mr. Damrong, sitting in the club lounge, had put down his drink and his English cigarette before leaning close to Mr. Kent's easy chair to speak. "It is definitely diagnosed as a cancer by the French physician of whom I spoke, Mr. Kent. And while he feels it is surgical and that the Chulalongkorn Hospital has adequate facilities, I confess that I know no other means of paying the necessary fees."

• Mr. Kent looked thoughtful for a moment, renewing the fire in his pipe with frenzied sucking noises, then took up his drink and jiggled it, making a tinkling sound of ice against glass, rather like the bells hung by backward people in the country districts to frighten away spirits. Mr. Kent snorted and then spoke rapidly and with great conviction. • "Since I assume you're an educated man, I won't go into the numbo-jumbo aspects of it," he said, placidly. Mr. Damrong lowered his eyes in appreciation of the compliment, and perhaps with a small dash of embarrassment at the use of such unorthodox vernacular in this grave connection. • "I personally feel you (turn page)

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ought to do what must be done, Chong," Mr. Kent said. Mr. Damrong warmed inwardly at the sound of his nickname—spoken only by family peers and the most familiar of friends, Chong—The Elephant. The elephant never forgets, Mr. Kent had once said.

"And if you're truly determined to see that your wife be given the attention she needs, I'm ready to help you. Do you know of a certain Mr. Spoad, an American?"

Mr. Damrong, with the light of a possible solution to his dilemma awakening him from a despair so intense, so thick and black in its proportions, could not suppress a smile of optimism as he shook his head and listened eagerly.

"He's a shady bird, this Spoad," Mr. Kent said. "Hangs about at the boxing palace—probably takes wagers—but he's the man you'll want to see." Mr. Kent finished his drink and knocked the ashes from the bowl of his pipe. "Come along, we'll go over there and see if we can locate him. Cheer up now, Chong, we'll see the light of day in this yet!"

So Mr. Damrong was introduced to Mr. Spoad, preliminary arrangements had been settled, and he came now to the shop of the Chinese jeweler to make the final agreement. There was no other way. Shall he allow his wife to die of the cancer? Let her superstitious relatives then hang rattles over the cradle of each new infant in the family and ask—how ridiculous!—if it is Mrs. Damrong? Are you Mrs. Damrong, please? Bloody rot! He was an educated man, with several Westerners in his acquaintance besides Mr. Kent, and his wife need not die! She would not die!

The sign read, in English, Thai and Chinese, *Precious Stones, Jade, Zircons, Cutting and Polishing*. Mr. Damrong tucked his linen handkerchief away, straightened his soggy tie, and entered the shop to meet Mr. Spoad.

"Ah! Here we are!" Mr. Spoad said emphatically. Mr. Damrong found himself a bit repelled at the American's unshaven face. He wished now that he had worn his white suit jacket, despite the heat. But then, perhaps Mr. Spoad was completely ignorant of the status of government clerks.

The Chinese jeweler, Mr. Pak, however, was observant of the necessary forms. He correctly judged that a minor Thai civil servant and a wealthy Chinese gem merchant were of approximately equal status. Their bows were little more than nods of the head forward, and their palms were joined only momentarily in front of their chests—no higher—a cursory, polite, but business-like greeting. But what importance was there in status and protocol now? It was as empty as the reincarnation, the Karma and the Nirvana, was it not?

Mr. Spoad lacked even the grace to shake hands like a Western gentleman. Did he possibly think that he, Mr. Damrong, of the Ministry of Royal State Railways was a superstitious, ghost-haunted rice farmer from the country?

"Are you ready to deliver?" Mr. Spoad asked him.

"If the terms are correct, Mr. Spoad," Mr. Damrong said.

Mr. Pak summoned a servant and they drank tea and smoked English cigarettes as they talked.

"Our mutual friend has informed me of the stone," Mr. Pak said, speaking English, "but I wonder at the difficulty of delivery."

"He should have told you, it is only a small Buddha, unusually small and light!" Mr. Damrong snapped.

"Where will you make delivery?" Mr. Spoad said, slurping his tea indelicately. Outside the shop, buyers and sellers continued their eternal bickering.

"The price first," Mr. Damrong said politely.

"If the value of the stone can be imagined at more than eight thousand baht—" Mr. Pak began.

"I will have twelve thousand baht, no less!" Mr. Damrong said. On this, he would hold firm. Twelve thousand baht, and his wife would go to the Chulalongkorn Hospital, the cancer would be removed and she would live. Nothing else was of importance.

"How can we promise you a price until we have the stone?" Mr. Spoad asked in his quiet way.

"Let us be reasonable men: ten thousand baht, and perhaps a bonus if it should prove—" Mr. Pak started to say. They were allied, as Mr. Damrong had expected, but he would hold to his price.

"Twelve thousand baht, or there will be no agreement—it will bring you more than one hundred thousand in Hong Kong. I know these things. Twelve thousand baht, to be paid to me immediately upon delivery!"

"And how will you deliver it?" Mr. Spoad asked.

"It is a small Buddha—I can carry it away. I will find you and give it to you," Mr. Damrong said, finishing his tea. It nearly sickened him to think of these two becoming rich, richer, from his need, from his act of betrayal. Ah! Mr. Damrong thought, remembering with sadness the many fine hours of companionship spent with Mr. Kent at the British Club, of the few short, happy years of his marriage. What is it I do? he asked himself with a great sadness.

"How soon?" Mr. Spoad asked, calling Mr. Damrong's thoughts back to the reality of his need, the bustle of the merchants in Sampeng Lane, the urbanity of civilized sophistication which ran all through the great city of Bangkok. All

such old talk, forms, ways—that was not to be thought of now.

"Perhaps this evening, Mr. Spoad," he replied. The bargain made, Mr. Damrong returned to his office and worked diligently until seventeen o'clock, when he went home to *tiifin*.

His wife's sister came to call that evening, so it was that much easier to leave the house, almost as if that had been the way of it when the lives of men were predestined, the pattern of their lives emerging just as the pattern called for it. No, that was talk for old and uneducated people, Mr. Damrong thought. He shivered in the warm night as he pedaled his cycle out of the city limits of Bangkok and down a country road he knew well, from the days of his childhood. The ordinary security he felt in his Western dress seemed to have deserted him. For courage, he hummed a song he had heard many times on the wireless at the British Club, and concentrated on the bland, positive image of Mr. Kent.

There were few lights in the small temple, and the monks were sleeping, of course. What need had they to prowl the night like spirits? Mr. Damrong tried to find humor in the metaphor. He armed himself at the door of the temple before entering.

I am a civil servant, the son of a civil servant, educated in a British mission school. I speak four languages and have read much of the history of the western world, but it would not do. He was only able to enter when he repeated his wife's name to himself, again and again, and imagined how empty this life, his life, would be if he allowed her to die of the cancer.

Her name: *Rambaibarni, Rambaibarni, Rambaibarni*, he repeated, his skin cold now in the temple as he stood before the small Buddha. The serene eyes of Buddha seemed to welcome him—the one hand palm upward seemed to welcome him unsuspecting.

By grinding his teeth and thinking of what his wife's death agonies would be like, Mr. Damrong found the strength in his delicate hands and arms to reach out and touch the smooth, womanish face of the Buddha, the strength to take it from the altar.

He stopped for only a short time on his way to Mr. Spoad's compound in the Ploen Chitr Road. He cycled to the bank of the great river and filled one of his pockets with fine sand, and the whole side of his body seemed coolly damp from its presence when he knocked on Mr. Spoad's gate in the very early morning.

"You have it?" Mr. Spoad said eagerly. "Twelve thousand baht," Mr. Damrong said. With one hand, he fingered the hilt of the Malayan *kris* he had provided himself with before leaving his house. What

(Continued on page 51)



LONELIEST MAN, IN THE VAST WASTELAND

TODAY'S ECCENTRIC IS NOT THE BEATNIK OR CRANK, BUT THE MAN WITHOUT TV ☐ BY BILL HELMER

Judging from current cocktail party conversation, television is not exactly an in thing. It appears more like TV is an insult to the intelligence, a monument to banality and a threat to our entire culture—all of which opinions would seem to indicate that life in the Wasteland is pretty miserable. But the intellectual anguish that is driving everyone to blacken the magic eye is a source of wry amusement to a few of us—the genuine TV non-viewers who actually suffer most from television's grip on the land.

☐ By non-viewers I don't mean ex-viewers-turned-sophisticates who,

like reformed drunks, either hide their shameful past or try to atone for it by becoming fanatical anti-televisionists. (I suspect that Newton Minow was merely over-compensating for an early infatuation with television quiz shows, Hopalong Cassidy and "Broadway Open House.") I mean those few of us who, for reasons of continual travel, foreign employment, or other lack of opportunity or interest, have never ever watched TV. We are discarded relics of the Age of Radio who today must struggle to get along in a world that has long since passed us by. ☐ Stated simply, our problems is this: in a society where virtually every man, woman and child watches TV, the person

who doesn't is something of a social freak. He doesn't speak the national language or know the national lore, which causes both embarrassment and discomfort if he tries to mingle with the natives. I should like, modesty notwithstanding, to offer a case history of a non-viewer: ☐ I have always prided myself in being able to contribute at least a superficial observation to nearly any discussion—at a cocktail party, a friend's apartment, at the office, or almost any time I am included in a casual conversation. A renowned dilettante, I'm right in there pitching, delivering opinions, amplifying statements, staggering my audience with obscure facts and brilliant insights—until, inevi- (turn page)

tably, the conversation gets around to last night's TV programs: what did you think of this-and-that and wasn't so-and-so funny (or interesting, or terrible)?

When this happens I quickly realize that I have to tactfully withdraw and stand there nodding wisely, like some anachronistic elder statesman, conspicuously silent. Sometimes, to save face, I hiccup drunkenly and sink to the floor.

There is absolutely no escape from TV. Even conversations on sundry other topics contain allusions to television phenomena about which I'm totally ignorant. Somebody says, "He's a regular Beverly Hills-billy . . ." and I think he's coined a clever expression, until I say so and people put me down, laughing. "Look, don't you watch Channel 2 Wednesday nights?"

When the big quiz show scandal broke a couple of years back it took me weeks to piece together an idea of what had actually happened, and then I thought it was terribly funny, which turned out to be the wrong reaction. I know the names of the popular TV shows and performers because I hear them so often, but I don't know what these people actually do or what they look like. Once I tried to fake it and told somebody I thought Huntley Brinkley was a very talented guy, but it didn't seem to work.

It's the same with everything I read and hear, and after awhile one begins to feel lonely, rejected and left out of things. It hurts a little when 180 million people go around swapping their private jokes in front of you.

Worse, though, is trying to account for one's not owning a TV set to people who innocently ask an opinion on some current television event. People who know you don't have TV simply regard you as a harmless nut, but strangers are always a little astonished.

"You don't have a TV?" says Pretty Young Thing, brows lifting slightly as she sips her drink and ponders. "Oh, hmmm, well. . . ." It always seems to make people a little nervous, like they think I'm ab-

normal or something, or looking for an argument over television watching. Later, after they're convinced I'm merely an eccentric who's a little out of touch, I usually detect a note of scorn:

"Oh, I keep forgetting. You don't even have a TV."

It's okay to hate TV, it seems, but it's a little sinister, or maybe even subversive, not to own one or know anything about it.

Now and then I encounter the understanding type who quickly assume I'm secretly too poor to buy a TV set and too proud to admit it. They get tactfully maudlin and sometimes try to give me an old one they have stored in the closet, and when I'm finally forced to explain that I don't particularly *want* one because it sounds pretty awful, then they are overwhelmed with curiosity: "Well, aaaaah, then what do you *do* all the time?"

And I say, "Well, aaaaah, I don't know, really. I read sometimes, sometimes I write a little, sometimes I go out . . ."

They always look so skeptical that I feel like telling them how actually I work nights, pushing junk at high school dances. This confirms their suspicions and they go away satisfied.

In fact, everybody seems to go away, leaving me a cultural outcast. It's simply that TV watching is the norm, and it's such a unanimous norm that everybody is presumed to watch it unless there is some good reason—something *wrong* with him—that he can't. Consequently, the courageous few of us who have scorned television voluntarily are automatically consigned to a minority group otherwise composed of isolated hillbillies, the pathetically impoverished, and certain of the physically handicapped. It'll be a hard thing to explain to my children.

The solution to all these problems might seem the simple and obvious one: I should run right out and buy me a telly, and start cramming so as to catch up with the rest of society. I've been tempted to do this, having glimpsed some pretty exciting action through the window

of my neighborhood bar—and this is the threat that stops me. Consider, as an analogy, what would happen to a hygienic American who tried to nourish himself on the local fare in some terribly unsanitary tropical village. (Or in a vast Wasteland, for that matter.) Probably he would contract some terrible disease to which the natives gradually have been immune.

The reason I can't afford to get a TV now, at this late date, is that I haven't been exposed to enough of it to acquire any immunities. The people who survived those critical years when TV was an irresistible novelty, or who have grown up with it, have developed enough indifference that they can take it or leave it. But I'm susceptible to the stuff. I confess that I'm utterly captivated by those fascinating commercials, weather forecasts, wrestlers, test patterns, everything; and I know if I indulged myself in a TV set now I would spend every moment helplessly enchanted by its evil, flickering eye.

Given enough will power I could probably learn to be discriminating like other people and enjoy television in moderation. But my will power has failed the test on so many other occasions that it's pretty well discredited, and I don't want to risk contracting what *Cosmopolitan* describes as "televisionitis" (some kind of brain rot, I take it, which retards the mind and destroys the power of speech). There may be another solution, however.

I already know many people who brag at cocktail parties that they've finally sold their TV sets because they couldn't stand the inane programming and those offensive, long-winded commercials. I can't say this myself because I don't know enough about it to criticize, so I'm hoping that television becomes even worse than it is now; that it becomes so offensively lowbrow that it drives away everyone with taste and intelligence. Once this happens it will be quite a status symbol *not* to watch TV, or even seem familiar with it; and then I shall teach everyone the meaning of scorn. □

Swinging Times (Continued from page 14)

Since the *Times* is a weekly (and not really a weekly because its publishing schedule is staggered during the winter so the staff can take lengthy vacations), it can't hope to deal in the sort of "hard news" which is the stock in trade of a daily newspaper. Therefore it generally offers a balance of political and economic reportage of a background or semi-educational nature and the latest in cultural, entertainment and travel information. Although a January 1963 issue spotlighted the fierce debate in Sweden over "more realistic preparation of children for adult sex roles," the paper usually manages to be on the lively side without such fireworks. Strong make-up, crisp writing, plus

a sprinkling of light features and, quite logically, a pretty girl photo here and there, all contribute toward a bright format. At the same time, Fox and Michelson are eminently serious about their paper's responsibility and ability—to take part in Scandinavian affairs of more importance than the latest Ingmar Bergman film.

"We discontinued editorials for two reasons," says Fox. "We didn't always have the space for them and until recently we didn't feel qualified to comment on important issues." Yet for some time the *Times* has been engaged in a crusade of sorts to combat misinformation about the five Scandinavian nations. "Travel writers," notes Michelson, "don't bother to

keep themselves informed and up-to-date on some of these countries. They come here, have dinner with their friends, and ask them what's still good in town. Norway, for instance, is considerably more expensive today than some of the best-known guide books would have you believe." To help correct this situation, the *Times* hopes to publish a series of guide books, realistic and as current as possible, on each of the Scandinavian countries. The paper has already published, in addition to its other supplements, what Fox describes as the first English-language supplement on Iceland and it is with no false modesty that he defines the role of the
(Continued on page 51)



"... 18, 19, 20, 21, 22..."



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT REMINDS
YOU OF YOUR WHITE-WALL TIRES?"

OUT
OF
THE
MOUTHS
OF
BABES



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT REMINDS
YOU OF YOUR WHITE-WALL TIRES?"



"I ALWAYS SEEM TO BRING UP THE REAR"



"KEEP RUNNING! HERE COME THOSE BOY SCOUTS AGAIN."



"LOUSY BUBBLE GUM ALWAYS
POPS AT THE WRONG TIME."



"THAY, FELLAS..."



"KEEP RUNNING! HERE COME THOSE BOY SCOUTS AGAIN."



"LOUSY BUBBLE GUM ALWAYS
POPS AT THE WRONG TIME."

IN KEEPING WITH THIS
MAGAZINE'S TRADITION OF
BRINGING TO ITS MANY
READERS ONLY THE BEST
IN CULTURAL FARE, THE
EDITORS PRESENT THE
LATEST IN CAPER'S FINE
SERIES, MASTERPIECES OF
WORLD CHEESECAKE WITH
VERY FUNNY CAPTIONS.



"THAY, FELLAS..."



"RALPH, PLEASE! THAT DAMNED ARMOR IS COLD."



"THEY'RE NOT MOSQUITO BITES
AND GET AWAY FROM ME WITH
THAT CALAMINE LOTION."



"YOU AND YOUR MUTINY—HOW WE
GONNA GET BACK TO BROOKLYN?"



"RALPH, PLEASE! THAT DAMNED ARMOR IS COLD."



"THEY'RE NOT MOSQUITO BITES
AND GET AWAY FROM ME WITH
THAT CALAMINE LOTION."



"YOU AND YOUR MUTINY—HOW WE
GONNA GET BACK TO BROOKLYN?"

daddy coming

HER NEST WAS READY FOR THE
GOLDEN GOOSE □ BY MILES DONIS



It was a pleasantly brisk autumn day and the wind blew up Central Park, across 109th street and in chill drafts through the apartment from one end to the other, having first traded the scent of greenwood for cooking odors and car exhaust. The apartment was long and narrow. In the front room was a day bed, in the next room, the two children's beds, and finally, like a caboose in a hallway, came the kitchen and bath.

Between the two rooms a little girl of three or four was riding a tricycle. Her name was Francine. She was naked and crying, because she was cold. In the children's room her little sister sat on her bed, perniciously ripping apart a stack of children's books. Both children were smeared and unkempt; their hair was wild and their hands and knees were stuck full of jellies and house lint. The girl on the tricycle had clean pug features; her little sister was not quite as attractive because her eyes met at the bridge of her nose. She was somewhat retarded and, except for these minor deficiencies, she quite resembled her mother, who was in the shower.

The girl on the tricycle heard the toilet flush. "Mommy," she yelled. There was no answer except the running of tap water. "Mommy," she yelled and vindictively smashed the tricycle into the wall. The wall had been dented many times in the same manner, but refused to give way.

"Mommy, is the man coming now?" Francine yelled again. Her mother appeared from the bathroom, naked. She was a little below medium height and she moved about the kitchen as though used to being undressed, throwing the plates from the table into the sink with a loud clatter. Her figure was rather plump, and her face might be considered very pretty by some, in a wholesome sort of way. Her complexion was very light, and her nose turned up just slightly, like her daughters. But her most attractive feature, like her daughters, was a lovely flowing mane of blond hair that fell from the crown of her head to the small of her back. "Mommy," her daughter said persistently,

standing in the doorway to the kitchen with her hands on her hips. "Is the man coming now?"

"Yes, darling," Leona cooed. "This afternoon." And she swept up the last dishes and dashed them into the sink with the others.

"What's your sister doing?" Leona said, her back to the child.

"Ripping," Francine said.

"You've both got to get ready for a bath now," Leona said. "We've got to be nice and clean for the man."

"Crap," said the little girl.

"Don't say that," her mother scolded mildly. "Go run the water in the tub." Her daughter obeyed, because she liked baths, and Leona went into their room and picked up little sister, who screamed violently because her mother had snatched away a book only half destroyed, and carried her into the bathroom. Leona's buttocks waddled as she walked; they were a bit heavy and shapeless, like over-ripe watermelons.

The two children bounced up and down merrily in the dirty bathwater, covered with soap, splashing water over the side of the tub. Francine submerged, floating her long hair on the water like golden seaweed, and shot up for air. "Eeee!" she squealed, her mouth full of suds like a mad dog. "Stop it," her mother said.

"Who's the man coming?" Francine asked, settling down to rinse off.

"The man is named Sidney," Leona said, bending over the tub to pull up little sister who had slipped beneath the water.

"Who Sidney?" Francine asked.

"You know Sidney. Sidney has been here before to see mommy."

"Sidney man with car?"

"No," Leona said. "That's another man. Sidney is the man with the pipe, remember? The nice man."

"Eee eee," little sister blubbered.

"That's right darling."

"He's the man who always wanted me to kiss him," Francine said with disgust. "He's skinny."

Leona hoisted the two girls out of the tub and rubbed them down. "Now," she said, "we're going to get all dressed up very (turn page)



Daddy Coming (Continued from page 27)

pretty and we're going to look shiny-new when Sidney comes. Aren't we?"

"Can I wear my new pajamas?" Francine said.

"Tonight, not now."

"Francine looked very disappointed.

"I want both of you to be very nice to Sidney," she said, giving them the final touches with the towel.

"Why?" Francine asked.

"Because he might be your new daddy."

"Oh," the little girl said screwing up her nose. "What about the other daddies?" "There aren't any other daddies," her mother replied severely.

"What about our real daddy?"

"He's writing a very big book," Leona explained, using her hands to show how big, "and he has to go away for a long time."

"Oh."

"Wouldn't you like to have Sidney for a daddy?"

"Eee eee," little sister said.

"I don't know," Francine replied coyly, swinging her head.

"He brought you all those pretty things," her mother said. "The doll house and the tricycle and the new snow suit, and he brought your sister all those books, like a real daddy."

"So did other people."

"They were only uncles," her mother explained.

"Were they all uncles?"

"Yes. Just forget about your uncles or mommy will spank you."

"Anyway, the books are all ripped up," Francine said bitterly. But she frowned and thought for a moment about the other gifts she had collected from her 'uncles' and the treasures to come and, passively, she surrendered.

Leona herded the two little girls into the bedroom and began to dress them in starched clean clothes. They were refreshed and smooth and smelled of soap and talcum powder. They were very pretty, if one could ignore little sister's crossed eyes. "Now," Leona was saying as she combed Francine's hair, "when he comes I want you to call him daddy, all right."

"Ugh. Ugh," Francine replied.

Her mother slapped her once. "Call him daddy, do you understand?" she said. "And kiss him when he comes in."

Francine puckered up to the edge of tears.

"Eee eee," little sister giggled, a drool wiggling down the corner of her chin. "Eee eee."

Francine decided to cry another time.

Almost two hours later, the door buzzer sounded. Fortunately everyone was dressed and the two children were patiently, if not eagerly, awaiting the visitor, anticipating

their presents. These grew more fantastic with each passing quarter-hour.

"It's him," Francine screamed, flying to the door.

"Eee eee," said little sister.

Leona answered the buzzer and waited. Her hair was carefully combed and she wore a hugging dress that betrayed her here and there, but on the whole she looked like an ideal mother. There was the sound of footsteps on the narrow rickety stairs and suddenly, around the corner of the landing, there appeared a man. He was tall, bundled in a heavy overcoat, and his head seemed unusually small for his large body. His complexion, it was obvious even in the gloomy hallway, was swarthy, and a very black mustache that looked as though it might have been pasted on hung below a sharp hawk-like nose.

He grabbed Leona up in his arms and kissed her, and when the embrace had subsided she said, "We thought you'd never come."

"Daddy, daddy," Francine said obediently but without much enthusiasm, and little sister made squeaking noises.

"What did you bring?" Francine said, weaving around him, trying to locate the boxes in his pockets.

"Francine," her mother said sharply.

"That's all right, honey," Sidney said. "I'll bring you something next time." And he patted her on the head, which did not placate her because she tramped despondently into the other room and sat down on her bed and cried very loudly. Her mother followed her and clouted the little girl with a resounding slap, helping matters not at all.

The afternoon slipped slowly and languidly away. A walk in Central Park was hastily abandoned. Dinner in a restaurant was promised. A cool square of sunshine marched across the dusty floor, while across the street a basketball resounded with a clang against the metal backboard, and from another apartment came the dulcet tones of an afternoon soap opera. Sidney had taken off his tie and jacket and lay sprawled across the day bed in the front room, looking very much like a disappointed dummy. Little sister crawled between his legs and played with his shoelaces and Leona busied herself with a coffee tray.

"Sweetheart, I don't know how you manage," the man said.

"Oh, it's nothing," Leona said, stirring the coffee. "After a while you learn to get along. Anything is bearable if you live with it long enough." For some strange reason her voice had, in the last half hour, taken on a wispy quality that sounded very much as though she were always just about to cry. "If I could only

work," she said, "it wouldn't be so bad, but the children are too little to leave alone and I've tried all the day nurseries in town. I can't afford them."

"Afford," he said. "You should be able to afford it. Now, you're locked up in this place like a jail inmate."

"It's just the way things are," she said poignantly. "I never have time to paint any more, or do any of the other things I did before I was married."

He looked about the room at her paintings hanging on the wall. They were really not paintings at all but large mono-color blocks with designs scratched on top, and, secretly, he thought it was just as well.

"I hate to live like this," Leona said, passing him his cup. "It's like grubbing. Sidney, I hate to grub for money. People shouldn't have to be like that. Even when I was working in the coffee house there was hardly enough money for food."

"Listen," he said. "Whatever you need . . ."

"No, no," she protested. "I don't want to take money from you. We've taken so much already. If you hadn't bought the girls their winter clothes they just wouldn't have any."

"But I enjoy helping you, sweetheart," he said. "I wouldn't do it unless I enjoyed it."

"You've been too good," she cooed, and kissed him lightly on the forehead, a kiss that sent an electric shiver down the long length of his body.

"There's still no money from your ex-husband?" he said after some time.

"No," she sighed. "He's living downtown somewhere. I know he isn't working either, because I haven't gotten a penny from him for almost three months, and it's not as though he couldn't work. He could. He's got a college education and he could get a good job in advertising or something like that. At least I'd have enough money to take care of the children and myself."

"The court says he has to pay support."

"Ha," she said. "What support? I called him a few weeks ago and asked for money, at least something, you know, so I could buy Francine a winter coat. He told me to go to hell, in so many words. He said if I tried to get more money out of him legally he'd just go to Europe and there'd never be another cent."

"The pig," Sidney muttered quite sincerely. "The irresponsibility . . ."

Leona sat down on the day bed beside him. "He's writing his book," she said. "It's almost half finished, the one he started when he was living with me."

"A book!" Sidney exclaimed. "You're desperate and he's writing a book!"

"Well," Leona said philosophically, that fearful note dropping like spring rain into her voice again, "he is a writer."

(Continued on page 40)

1.



2.



3.



Nutzgerberg



ODE TO AM



ODE TO AN OUD

















Whenever Kara Jadal hears the tones of an oud, she slips into her filmy veils and gyrates sinuously around the room. Kara is a retired belly dancer who has not forgotten her many nights of glory in Ankara. Since arriving in the U.S. Kara has hung up her native zils (finger cymbals) for "American men want the strip, not my artistic belly dancing."





On a hot afternoon last summer I found myself sharing a patch of oceanside sand with three men of roughly my own age, which is thirty-five. To all intents and purposes each of us were, and are, relatively mature and responsible adults. We had been baking sluggishly in the sun for several hours when one of my friends, a lawyer, abruptly broke the silence by announcing, apropos of nothing, "My first pick is Joe DiMaggio." ☐ None of us needed an explanation, although, as it happened, I myself had never before heard the lawyer express any interest in baseball. I lifted my face from our blanket, but the engineer next to me, who had the distinct advantage of lying on his back, beat me to my intended answer. "I'll take Ted Williams." ☐ I debated with myself quickly. "Lou Gehrig." ☐ The friend on my other flank, a college professor, had raised himself to his elbows. "Wait, now," he insisted, "how far back can we go? Babe Ruth—when did he quit, 1934?" ☐ "We'll limit it to 1930," the lawyer established with judicial authority. "All right, I've got DiMaggio. My next pick is Carl Hubbell." ☐ "Dizzy Dean," the engineer of the group said, again anticipating my choice. I settled for Bob Feller, but I was shrewdly thinking ahead now, hoping that no one would name Jackie Robinson before my next turn. But then Charley Gehring of the old Tigers had probably been a better second baseman. And whom did I want in the outfield? Obviously Stan Musial, if by some chance no one remembered him first, and Willie Mays, and yes, Joe Medwick . . . ☐ "Stan Musial," said the professor. ☐ "Bill Terry." ☐ "Say Hey! Willie." ☐ As any fan would have immediately understood, the four of us were choosing all-star teams from the era of baseball we were approximately old enough to remember—not an especially stimulating afternoon's preoccupation, perhaps, and the heat put an end to it during the fourth or fifth round of selections. Yet the curious readiness with which all of us had followed up the lawyer's opening gambit, or at least I myself had, strikes me as symptomatic of something remarkable in the underlying nature of the sport. Baseball seems to invite vicarious participation—or more than that, outright fantasy—in a way no other game does.

☐ I'm not thinking of the common practice of following the daily box scores without attending the games themselves; this is something more, an additional dimension of imagination in which certain fans indulge, which has little or nothing to do with baseball as it is actually played. What I have in mind is strictly a day-dream world, beyond time and space, where ordinary credibility is simply not a question. It is a never-never land in which the most legendary players from another age matter-of-factly race deep into centerfield to pull down fly balls hit by today's brightest new stars, or slide into third base with all the fabled grace of their long lost youth. It is a realm of utter and absurd make-believe—and it is sheer delight. ☐ Fantasy baseball begins, of course, in childhood. For me it started in a town too small to support more than a mediocre minor league team, some years before television. I was all of sixteen before I saw my first game at Yankee Stadium, yet like most of my friends—and in those days, if they weren't like this they wouldn't have been my friends—I was a dedicated fan long before I grew beyond short pants. I knew batting averages and records with a certainty I could never manage at the multiplication tables, I tolerated my morning oatmeal only if I was permitted to bury my face in the latest scores at the same time, and in general was so completely immersed in the sport that when I did attend that first game I recognized virtually every player on the field at sight, without a scorecard. But more significant than this, I had actually "managed" some of those players myself—juggling them in experimental batting orders, assigning them to positions for games far more exciting than that first one I witnessed at the Stadium, and which remain more vivid in my memory than most big league contests I've attended since. ☐ The Yankees won the pennant that year, under Joe McCarthy, and the World Series too, but the indisputable fact of the matter is—my own teams would have whipped the Bronx Bombers ten games out of ten going away, and with half of my varsity sitting on the bench. McCarthy had nothing to work with—an unimpressive total of twenty-five Yanks and, in a jam, a scattering of farmhands. Even when he directed

WHERE WERE THE MAJORS' MOST EXCITING BASEBALL GAMES PLAYED? IN THE

WE BACK TO THE BALLGAME



the American League All Star team in July, with his choice of the best from among more than two hundred players in the league, poor Mac would have had scarcely a chance. For while in those days there were only twice that many men in the majors at any one time, in my fantasy games I had literally thousands. ☐ I had picture cards. Not the kind that came with gum, since any kid could have those, but because there too the selection was always limited. No—I made my own, buying three-by-five-inch filing cards at the corner stationer's, cutting and pasting photographs. And plain newspaper pictures were by no means good enough either, because the glue often showed through when it dried. Instead I used only glossy likenesses on slick paper, hunting them out with an assiduousness which shames any pursuit I've engaged in since. During a stretch of about six years, I managed to get my grubby hands on every baseball publication available—and generally on two copies of each, since the pictures I most urgently wanted, and in those days I wanted them all, more often than not seemed to be printed back to back. I would deny myself ice cream days on end for the sake of an esoteric and expensive adult magazine in which I had no other possible interest, and in fact had no intention of reading, but which happened to contain a single baseball article with just one photograph of some obscure player I lacked. Local newsdealers winced at the sight of me; I became the world's champion browser. Before I was finished I had put together no less than three thousand of the cards, each of them different. ☐ Naturally a good number of "old timers," as my friends and I patronizingly called them, comprised the bulk of this staggering total. But what matter, since a player's age, even his death, meant nothing? Iron Man Joe McGinnity, who pitched and won double headers in the National League at the turn of the century, was as real to us in 1939 or '40, and as effective on the hill as Bucky Walters or Bobo Newsom, then among the best pictures in the majors. And Cap Anson, who played his last game for the Chicago Cubs five years before my own father was born, still lashed line drives down the baselines with the same whistling ferocity as Ernie Lombardi or

Johnny Mize—or Lou Gehrig, whose fatal illness saddened us all, but by no means disqualified him from our Homeric encounters. ☐ Nor were the games themselves mere abstractions concocted in our minds alone—absolutely not. We actually did "play" them, hitter by hitter, inning by inning. We invented a system with dice—hits, outs, walks, errors—in which the statistics of any given contest remarkably approximated those of a genuine game. Our stadium was usually someone's back porch—precisely whose depended upon our judgment about just which mother would abide us longest—and we held two-night games under the lights long before most teams in the majors had seen the profit in them. ☐ All this was serious business, incidentally—everything strictly according to the book. We operated carefully organized "official" leagues of eight teams, each team managed by a different boy, each playing a then full major-league schedule of one hundred and fifty-four games. We often "played" a dozen tilts in an afternoon, so that we whipped through such schedules in a matter of weeks, completing four or five complete "seasons" in a single summer. ☐ I recall details from some of those fantasy leagues as if they had existed yesterday. We would devote hours to the selection of our teams alone. First we would laboriously shuffle all three thousand cards, and then scatter them face-downward over what must have been an enormous area of floor space. (All of us took a hand in this, chiefly so that there could be no funny business about spotting the location of certain players, or perhaps secretly marking the blank backs of the cards; kids are never quite so trusting as they are supposed to be.) The eight of us would then sit cross-legged around them, and after shaking the dice to determine the sequence of the draw, we would begin to pick—fatefully confronted in profound challenge by the anonymity of our pasted-up heroes. ☐ Much of the thrill lay in this very uncertainty of choice. One of us might snare some unquestioned master of his trade, a George Sisler or an Eddie Collins, while in the same round another less fortunate soul might come upon some "bright young prospect" clipped from a pre-season magazine (turn page)

MINDS OF AN ENTIRE GENERATION OF AMERICAN KIDS ☐ DAVID MARKSON

Take Me Back (Continued from page 37)

forecast a month before and long since shunted ignominiously back to the minor leagues. Whatever became of Ray Mack anyway, Babe Young, Floyd Giebell? Or in spite of our precautions a few of the cards might have been carelessly mixed; one might strike gold with Rogers Hornsby or Prince Hal Chase, surreptitiously make his next draw from the same cluster and come up with Ty Cobb. (Or on the other hand, with Cobb, George W., who pitched one season with Baltimore in 1892, losing thirty-seven games; three thousand was a lot of cards.)

Often, we wouldn't mention our individual "finds" until we'd picked the floor bare. But then it was always remotely possible, even with an eighth of three thousand authentic professionals at hand and raring to go, to discover that one's team was nonetheless below par at one position or another—and so, like the wily moguls we were, we chewed imaginary cigars, eyed one another suspiciously and we swapped. One boy on the block, for example—and there was something almost uncanny about it—always seemed to latch on to all the better catchers. He might decide to keep Bill Dickey and Mickey Cochrane (who was in the hospital near death from a beaming one summer while starring regularly for one of our teams) and then sit back to drive a wicked bargain or two with the others, say Gabby Hartnett or Roger Bresnahan or Ray Schalk, in return for the starting southpaw hurler he might have his eye on, or perhaps a Hall of Fame outfielder he had an inclination to utilize as a right-handed pinch hitter.

But then we could always simply sweat him out, since we'd established inflexible roster limits of twenty-five for each club. All players beyond the limit ultimately had to be released as "free agents," and poorer teams could always improve by snatching up certain of the final discards. Once I picked up Charley "Old Hoss" Radbourne that way, from a rather belligerent boy who'd insisted he would take nothing less in exchange than my second-string infield of Tinker, Evers, Chance and Pepper Martin, and then found that he had to discard Radbourne anyhow, out of a surfeit of particularly fine pitchers.

Our decisions about these last discards were always pretty debatable, however. Radbourne won the incredible total of sixty games in a single season back in the 1880's, but even in our fantasy world we were always a trifle circumspect about estimating the worth of achievements from that far back—although as it developed, Hoss did fairly well for me that summer. But on another occasion I recall having to unconditionally release such top-flight

craftsmen as Al Simmons, Willie Keeler and Ed Delehanty, simply because I'd had the troublesome luck of putting together an outfield for that month's league consisting of Cobb, Speaker and Joe Jackson, with DiMaggio, Ted Williams and Joe Medwick as substitutes. (But here I suppose I ought to acknowledge, as I knew well enough then, that Medwick probably doesn't come off a winner in comparison with the three I cast adrift; but there was a limit to sophistication—any kid was entitled to one blind favorite. Though it is surely some sad joke that has kept him out of the Hall of Fame—when such as Mel Ott, Paul Waner or Jim Cronin are in there!)

But all this to the contrary, there was nothing questionable about the nature of our games themselves; memorable was the only word for them. Take the happy coincidence of the only no-hitter ever pitched. It was turned in by Johnny Vander Meer himself, little more than a year after he had thrown his famous two-in-a-row for Cincinnati—and it was coincidence, since when else but right then could we have considered Vandy good enough to match his stuff against the likes of Cy Young, Grover Cleveland Alexander or Old Mose Grove? (Too, although we might have connived a bit in setting up the best possible teams for ourselves, any one of us would have chewed asphalt rather than falsify the record of an actual league game.)

I also remember Ruth, Hank Greenberg and Dick Wakefield, then a Detroit rookie we were keen on, each slamming three home runs in single contests—although embarrassingly, since the dice adhered impartially to the law of averages in the long run, so too did Lefty Gomez, who probably did not hit a grand total of three in the fourteen years of his real major league career. But this was all part of the game—weak hitter Gomez might have been, could anyone *prove* it wasn't possible? And I unblushingly admit to no trivial excitement when Honus Wagner won a pennant for me on the last day of a season by stealing home with two outs in the ninth inning of a tie game, a bit of daring which took no mean courage on my own part as manager, since you had to shake a nine or higher to make the play successfully.

We managed to play baseball ourselves regularly too—I mean real baseball—in a field at the end of the street. Yet I don't think it would be extreme to estimate that in perhaps half a dozen years, in the summers, my friends and I devoted hundreds of hours to this orgy of fantasy, plus the uncounted others spent in the creation of the cards themselves. When I went off to college, although we had pretty much

stopped playing several years before, I threw away more than thirty spiral notebooks, each scrawled full of box scores, pitching totals, final averages—and these only of games in which I myself had participated. One man I know (I almost wrote "boy;" he has a wife and five children) still has his records, and neither cold cash nor warm love would get them away from him.

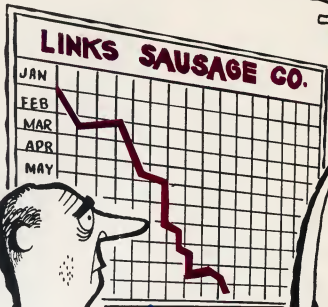
As for what became of the cards, well—the cards were a sad story. They were beautiful things in their way, the work of long years of a boy's determined collecting. Once I unhesitatingly spent my full week's allowance for a hard-cover book which I had already read in the library, because it contained a picture of the young Bobby Doerr superior to the one I had—this is pure love. But as time passed I found myself doing no more than wistfully browsing through the shoebox which held the collection. Dozens of new players were springing up as stars in the majors, and I had none of them "made." Pete Reiser, Hal Newhouser, George Sternweiss—how would I ever catch up? I had simply gone beyond keeping abreast of things, but the knowledge of it pained deeply, leaving me with a gnawing sense of what was almost betrayal. Finally I could bear it no longer.

I decided, out of some now unfathomable scheme of adolescent logic, that if the collection was not going to remain up to date, I could not keep it at all. I was about sixteen when the terrible hour struck. In what to an outsider might have looked like some enigmatic remnant of an ancient sacrificial ritual, and with my heart aching as I conducted it, I forced myself to tear those precious cards of mine into pieces—tiny pieces—all three thousand, one by one. I consigned each to a fiery end. My favorites I held out until last—Frank McCormick, Doerr, Rip Collins, Pinky Whitney, Woody English, Arky Vaughan—but I was unflinching. Ducky Medwick was my final victim.

I've regretted it, of course, since even incomplete the collection would be a cherished souvenir today. And obviously, incinerating my champions did not put such things out of mind. More than once, among *simpatico* friends at college, I would suddenly find several of us calling out the magic old names—Napoleon Lajoie and Home Run Baker and Smoky Joe Wood, Dazy Vance and Mordecai "Threefinger" Brown and Doc Cramer and Rube Waddell—and then within minutes we would be mischievously ruling lines for box scores onto paper earlier set aside for themes in sophomore English or Philosophy 17-B.

And here it is a dozen or fourteen years later, and I've lived for most of that time
(Continued on page 40)

PRESIDENT



de Gato

"Sweetheart," the man on the couch said. "Writer, hell. He's a father, and when a man takes on the burden of having children he can't just go on living like a beatnik. He's not a child. He has to grow up and be an adult."

"I know, I know," Leona said as a tiny tear glistened in the corner of her eye. "You're so sensible, like he should have been, but people are just the way they are." "I think it's just as well it's over," he said.

"Oh God, I couldn't have lived with him any longer," Leona said. "It had to end. I was working fourteen hours a day. I'd get up in the morning and take care of the kids and feed them and everything, and do you think he lifted a finger to help? Even to make the bed? Nothing. Not a bit. And then I'd have to work at the coffee shop at night, until three in the morning, and come home and get four hours sleep before the kids woke me up in the morning again. I just couldn't take it, Sidney."

"The ungrateful ox!" Animals fascinated Sidney.

"I mean if he even said 'thank you,'" Leona said, "but he took everything for granted, as if I owed it to him, and then one day he just told me he couldn't write any more, with all the noise and the children disturbing him."

"His children," Sidney pointed out. "He called me all kinds of names," Leona said, beginning to sob softly. "He accused me of ruining his book. He said he couldn't write with me around." And she began to cry, just audibly.

Sidney held her close and comforted her. "Poor girl," he said. "Poor girl."

"I'm so miserable," she sobbed. "No one wants a woman with children. Miserable, I'm so terribly miserable."

"We'll work it out, Leona," he whispered, flushing a bit. "Don't worry."

"What's mommy crying about?" Francine asked, coming in from the other room.

"Nothing," Sidney said. "Nothing. You go and play."

"That's all right," Leona said, rubbing her eyes dry. "I'll take care of her." She went to the phonograph and put on a record. It was a piece of Schonberg, discordant and full of percussion noises and unrhymic clacking sounds. "Dance," she said to her daughter sweetly. "Go get little sister and dance to the nice music." Francine pulled little sister from behind the couch, where she had wedged herself, and both children began to hop up and down to the music in short convulsive jerks like puppets, wiggling their hands and feet, twirling around in circles, out of time and out of beat with the music. Francine twisted her face into a studied look of ecstasy and closed her eyes, reeling across the linoleum as if she were drunk.

"That's nice," their mother said. "That's nice." And she folded up on the couch in Sidney's arms.

The record stopped and was played again, as Leona, out of the corner of one eye, watched the children hopping in an orgy of self-expression, a little slower now because they were tired, and then she closed her eyes and sank against Sidney's chest, a sense of approaching victory welling over her as the rest of the afternoon glided away.

And, for his part, he thought of the joys of family life and the warmth that loving children brings. And somewhere, without his being fully conscious of it, in some seldom-disturbed corner of his mind a proposal was beginning to form itself, like the jingling of little bells. □

Take Me Back (Continued from page 38)

in a city which until recently had *three* major league teams, and still at odd moments during the seasons I find my mind drifting back. More than once at Yankee Stadium, watching Ralph Houk and later Yogi Berra manipulating Yankees as if they were puppets, or perhaps like picture cards that come in packages of purple gum, it has occurred to me that the reality of baseball simply isn't as exciting as the wonderful boy's dream of it. I watch Joe, Mickey, Roger or Ellie walk to the plate in what the papers call crucial situations, and I think, *Is that the best the majors can offer? Now, if things were only the way they ought to be . . .*

I can't help feeling a little self-conscious when I catch myself at it, yet as I discovered that afternoon on the beach last summer, even those of my friends who grew up in big league cities spent the

better part of their boyhoods chasing the same diamond-shaped rainbows, and at times still do. It's part of what makes baseball the most fascinating game in the world, I think—the same appeal to "active" identification with myth which can transform one boy's backyard into Sherwood Forest, another's into Huck Finn's Mississippi. And it certainly kept me out of harm's way for years.

Back when it all started, my father more than once protested that I might better occupy my time with Cervantes or *Moby Dick*. He gave it up as a bad job, finally, yet somewhere along the line I managed to get the books read too, in spite of all. I hope I'll remember that with a son of my own I might one day have; in fact, what I really hope is that the kid just might let me get into a game once in a while. (First pick—Medwick!) □

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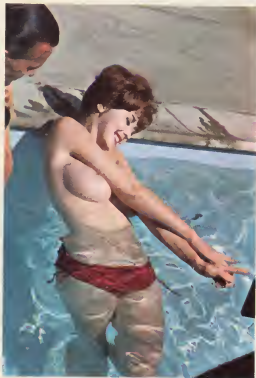
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TAKING LIBERTIES: A BRIEF SURVEY OF JAIL BREAK

It was a very special occasion, a celebration really. The warden had called for an elaborate dinner (comparatively speaking, that is) to be served his prisoners. He even gave a speech, informing the inmates that this was his way of thanking them all for the fact that not one escape tunnel had been dug during the past year.

The speech was received with loud cheers, and the food was devoured with reckless gusto. But hardly had the plates been washed when word came in that guards had discovered a one hundred foot tunnel!

Escape is defined as: to get out and away. And to get out and away is the goal of prisoners, either by legal means or otherwise. Those who look disdainfully upon the legal method spend most of their waking moments contemplating illegal exits.

It is said that the total celebration of Einstein, Galileo, Newton (just to mention a few) is as nothing when compared with the brainpower expended by prisoners in their searching for ways and means of escape.

Some achieve the hoped-for end result, and others meet only with bitter disappointment. But whatever the denouement, the means toward the end seem to them entirely justifiable.

Let us examine the case of a

AKS

San Quentin inmate named Moulsin. For some months he had carefully watched the frequent arrivals and departures of a visiting Catholic priest. Satisfied that this presented a means of escape, Moulsin set about preparing himself for his departure. He devoted months to acquiring enough bits of cloth from the laundry to fashion himself a black cassock. The garment completed, he then made a string of beads out of beans and twine.

One day after the visiting clergyman had entered the prison, Moulsin donned his well-prepared habit and beads and strolled boldly out through the yards. He even imitated the priest's gait as he walked to the prison gate. The guards returned his congenial wave and opened up.

Then just as he climbed into the priest's car a voice called out to him, "One minute, father. A phone call for you."

Displaying enviable control in the face of such great disappointment, Moulsin shrugged, gave himself up to the amazed assistant warden, and traded his sixty seconds of freedom for an additional few years of confinement. All that planning, patient sewing, diligent training—all ruined by an ill-timed phone call!

Not quite so imaginative as Moulsin was a loser named John Martin. He too was weary of imprisonment and longed for the freedom of the world beyond the walls. Not a man long on intelligence or ingenuity, Martin planned a simple means of escape and when the opportunity presented itself he put his plan into effect by curling up in a garbage can and covering himself with refuse.

In a short while he was loaded aboard a truck and taken through the gates en route to the dump. On the way he extricated himself, leaped off the vehicle and made good his effective, though somewhat odorous, escape.

Simple? Yes, especially in view of the many more elaborate escape plots men in his position have concocted over the years.

There was a certain group who reluctantly called Leavenworth home. All worked in the printshop, and all were schemers. One day a shipment enclosed in large crates afforded them the chance they'd been awaiting. They substituted themselves for the printed forms by climbing into the crate headed for McNeil Island. Only two could take this particular trip, so their colleagues lightly nailed them in and off they went.

They absorbed plenty of jostling about, but the pair was happy when at last they realized they were aboard the train and under way. It was now, according to the plan, only a matter of pushing off the cover of their cramped quarters. But strain as they might, the cover would not come loose. It was only after some time of futile huffing and (turn page)

puffing, gulping breaths of air in the vent holes, that they concluded that some idiot railway clerk had put the crate in the car upside down. And all the while the heat began getting more and more unbearable for some unknown reason.

At length, gasping for breath, despair took them over and they began screaming for out. When, finally they were rescued, if you could call it that, they discovered the source of the heat which had been their downfall. The same railway clerk had placed the crate against the car's steam pipes.

One of the most painstaking and exacting escape plots ever formulated was devised by a Henry Davis of Tipton County, Tennessee. Once a prominent attorney in that county, inmate Davis was very familiar with its most influential citizens and he made good use of this familiarity.

He started by bribing a guard to get him a few blank sheets of legal sized paper containing the Tipton County letterhead. Following receipt of this paper the brilliant Mr. Davis spent countless hours drawing up a petition, in secret of course, requesting his release. To this he forged the signatures of the one hundred and fifty most respected citizens of the county. Then, by means of another bribe, he got the petition mailed to the governor.

In due time a pardon was granted by the governor, who obviously had accepted the paper at face value without verification.

Mr. Davis was turned loose, but in a short time his trickery was uncovered and he was picked up. The governor, however, surely a gentleman who appreciated artistic endeavor, allowed that a man such as Davis was too brilliant to be in prison. He let the pardon stand, on the condition that Davis leave the state and never again return. The latter was happy to oblige.

Another convict of considerable daring and imagination was an Arkansas robber who became interested in a certain group of church members who made a practice of visiting the prison to sing hymns to the inmates. This charitable custom presented itself as an escape possibility, once he was positive of the group's routine.

Finally, satisfied that he was ready, the dauntless robber put his old profession to use by stealing a suit of street clothes from the prison tailor shop. This he did on the morning of the day the hymn singers had a scheduled visit. He put the suit on under his uniform and waited.

That afternoon, as the visitors were guided along the corridors singing their encouragement, Arkansas ducked into a latrine and got out of the uniform. Then, clad in the civvies, he slid into the chorus.

Whether the pitch of his voice added or detracted from the quality of the group is not known. All that is known is that he finished the tour in their company and walked out of the gates.

Trusties are supposed to be trustworthy

men, as the title would imply. But there are some who strive toward this elevated position with ulterior, or rather "exterior" motives. One such had so gained the warden's confidence that he was delegated duties around the official's home outside the prison gates.

Thoroughly familiar with the pattern of search and pursuit which follows an escape, this gentleman decided he would only make it appear as if he had left. He locked himself in a closet of the warden's house, but only after setting in a goodly supply of rations to tide him over during his deception. Then he settled back to wait until the commotion of his absence could fade away. With his food supply, he could last until he made his real escape.

Chuckling happily at the dismay he knew was going on all about him, he opened a can of salmon for dinner, and this was his undoing. Cats have, as we all know, a great yen for fish, and the warden's pet was no exception. She sniffed her way to the marvelous smells coming from under the closet door and began to set up quite a din. But not quite so much as did the trusty when the warden, attracted by the cat's curiosity, opened the door. Needless to say, there immediately became an opening for one trusty.

In New York a successful escape was effected by a bust—a piece of sculpture, that is. The felon who dreamed up such a unique exit happened to be a talented and unique exit happened to be a talented sculptor. Indeed, his skill was so greatly appreciated that he was permitted to receive large shipments of clay.

Each shipment, however, innocent looking as it was, contained hacksaw blades from a friend on the outside. The sculptor won over the guards with a bust he formed of one of them. Each time additional clay came to him he added more to the bust's features and added more blades to his collection. They were hidden inside the bust by day and used on the bars at night.

At length, when he had enough of the bars cut to make his escape, he did just that. Very understandably, the bust he left behind him seemed to mock the guards.

Talented as he was at sculpting, the escapee had no genius for staying free. Bragging about his exploit once too often, he was picked up at a bar one night. The rest of his prison career, alas, afforded no opportunity to further utilize his talent.

At Sing Sing one evening the head count showed that two prisoners were missing, an event which caused no little concern among the authorities. The ensuing investigation made it quite clear that it was unlikely the missing pair had actually left the prison. They had to be hiding somewhere within the walls, waiting for an opportune time to complete their escape.

An intense search, lasting through the night, was conducted and near daybreak it appeared that they might actually have

succeeded in getting out after all. In the morning the normal prison routine was resumed with the lighting of the furnaces. And as the smoke billowed out of the chimney of the powerhouse, the missing pair, coughing and choking, came down from their hiding place.

As it turned out, they had been professional chimney-sweeps and scaling the inside of the smokestack was a simple maneuver for them.

Warden Lawes of the above mentioned prison recalls one occasion when a prisoner cleverly got clear of the place. This time it was obvious that the escapee could not have gotten too far, so the search began. The warden himself took part in the hunt by driving his car around nearby roads that dark night.

After a while, a man stepped out of the brush and flagged him down, asking for a lift. Lawes happily invited him in, turned the car around, and drove back into the prison.

Even in solitary confinement men think of escape. Mostly, however, during their stay in such cramped quarters their thoughts are of future days when escape might be more attainable.

Still, one Jacob Oppenheimer imagined that to extricate himself from a solitary confinement cell would be the epitome of something or other. Therefore he carefully saved up pages from his only reading material, the Christian Advance and eventually made a tube eleven feet long.

Outside the cell, near where a guard was stationed, was a gas jet, and Oppenheimer concluded that if he could set the paper afire, pull it into his cubicle and put a blaze to his mattress the guard would have to come in to beat out the fire. Whereupon, Oppenheimer would beat it out.

When he was in readiness, Jacob waited until the guard's back was turned one night and shoved the paper tube out to the jet. It did catch fire, but the guard, having observed the entire procedure, displayed a complete lack of sympathy. He permitted Oppenheimer to fire the mattress and only then took out his pistol, pointed it at the convict and ordered him to beat out the fire—or suffocate in the smoke.

Then there was a portly inmate who had himself thrown into solitary because of misconduct. It was a sad excuse for a cell, so old and battered that its bars actually were loose, a defect soon discovered by the cell's burly occupant. Much to his delight he found that he could indeed pull the bars right out of the crumbling plaster. He worked on it all night.

In the morning they found the poor man bloody and beaten, utterly dazed—hanging halfway through the window. The little item he'd forgotten was his huge bulk, much too great for the opening.

There was no need to place him in another cell. This one was escape-proof for him. □

MIKE
ADORED
HER
BODY,
BUT
HE
WASN'T
THE
ONLY
ONE
WITH

An Eye for Love

by

DONALD
HONIG

ILLUSTRATION:
PAGANUCCI

She had been angry at him for almost two hundred miles now. Not a word for two hundred miles. He could have been sitting in the front seat with a statue. He tried to draw her out once or twice with a banal comment upon some item of passing scenic beauty, but she remained mute, unimpressed, staring straight ahead. He glanced unhappily at her set profile from time to time, almost as if to see if she were still there.

The long, empty stretch of open highway, running through monotonous unrelieved prairie on either side, seemed hardly designed to break her mood. She would probably sit like this for hours, until they stopped to eat, and maybe even then she would not talk to him.

Once—just three days ago in fact, their second day out on this cross-country trip (they made several each year in connection with his job as travel editor of a newspaper)—she had not spoken one word to him for twelve long, monotonous hours. The other times, on those other trips, when she had caught him, (turn page)



he had been able to sweet-talk her; but that was becoming much more difficult.

It wasn't really his fault, he thought, any more than exposure to temptation and yielding to it was the fault of any man who was human. He had known immediately, last night, upon looking at the owner of the motel, that it would work again. The man was a sallow, seedy, prurient-looking individual of middle age. Generally the type. Mike had learned to spot them by now. Pinny—for that was the motel man's name, in blinking neon—had looked at Gloria without subtlety and Mike had seen it and smiled at him.

They all looked at Gloria like that, motel owners and gas station attendants and street-corner loungers and even best friends. Some women were built that way and Mike was proud of her and always wanted her to look her best and have things, therefore money was a constant problem. She should have understood.

Now, after two hundred miles, she said something. Her voice sounded strange and cool and aloof in the humming car.

"You promised, Mike," she said, not in the hurt, sad tone women so often affected when speaking those words, but accusatory, issuing from long and brooding thought. "You said you would never do it again."

"I know I said it," he answered, embarrassed, taking one hand from the wheel and rubbing his face for a moment.

"But you did it anyway."

Because when they had checked out

that morning she had asked to see the receipt for payment he received and he could show none.

"I should have known," she said, "as soon as I saw that man."

"Actually," he said, "there's no real harm done. We'll never see him again, he'll never see us again. No real harm was done, and we saved a few dollars."

"It's the principle," she said.

That was a damned abstract thing, principle, and he did not know how to argue with it. He had heard of principle but had never seen it.

And anyway he thought she had known about it and acquiesced, since she had said nothing last night. After they had checked in he told her he was going out for a pack of cigarettes. He waited for her to say something (didn't she know he had a full pack in his jacket pocket?), but she said nothing.

He went out and found Pinny sitting in the office, smoking a cigar. An unsavory, unclean looking man, wearing a broad-brimmed fedora, feet up on his desk, a cigar clenched in yellowed teeth.

"Lovely evening," Mike said to him, for which he received a suspicious look.

"What about it?" Pinny asked.

"Nothing. Quiet hereabouts, isn't it?"

"What about it?" Pinny asked.

"I guess there isn't much to do around here, is there? I mean, this is a lonely job you've got."

"So?" Pinny asked, scratching at a



day's growth of very seedy beard.

It was really very easy. A ribald joke drew a grudging smile out of the man. Then a few anecdotes, quite off color; a passing reference to Gloria. Next, the fact that she had won twelve beauty—bathing beauty—contests. Finally, a picture from the wallet, showing Gloria on a diving board, in a tight two-piece swim suit, the picture shot from the good angle. It was very easy.

Ten minutes later he was back in the room and Gloria was getting ready to take a shower, her nightly routine. Then she was out of the shower, lovely and pink, asking him for her robe.

Then he clicked off the top light, leaving only a table lamp burning to weave a pale yellow mood. And he became ardent. And she responded, as always. (That was what gave him that confidence, the assurance—she never failed him).

"Motel style, honey," he whispered, lying atop the blankets now, and she dropped her eyes and smiled.

Never failed him.

"Just thinking about it," Gloria said later as they went gliding over a highway, "makes me sick. And you're sick. Warped."

"As I said before," he said, "there's really no harm done. And we saved ten dollars."

"I don't know if I'll ever be able to enjoy it with you again," she said.

"Well, I hope you will," he said, watch-

ing the highway. It was all right. She was talking again. The worst of her anger had passed.

"I'm wondering," she said, "when you're going to start trying to sell me . . ."

"I would never do that," he said.

"Sure you would, if you thought you could get away with it."

"You shouldn't talk like that, Gloria," he said. "It's unworthy of you."

Even without the receipt she might not have suspected anything if it hadn't been for that fool Pinny, the way he had looked at her this morning when they came into the office to check out. He had greeted her with his lewdest smile. That had done it. That was why, as soon as they were in the car, she had asked to see the receipt in that cold, cutting tone of voice. And when he was unable to produce it she made him turn off the ignition and went back to the room to see for herself. There she found the final, incriminating evidence and for the first few moments her anger had been self-directed, seething against her naivete, her trust.

"I'm beginning to wonder," she said, "if you want to make love to me out of honest feeling or simply to . . ."

"Now you're talking foolishness," he said.

"All right," she said. "Maybe I am. But tonight, if we make love tonight, it's got to be under the covers, with all lights out, and I personally will see that the blinds are shut—down to the window sill." □



"For the last time, Kelley, are you going to tell us how you keep getting out of your cell?"

Scandinavian *Times* as both men see it today: "We're a small newspaper covering four countries as if they were our beat and a fifth, 2,000 miles away."

For some reason, perhaps the inherent American "thing" for an underdog, both Fox and Michelson have an extra-soft spot in their newspapermen's hearts for Finland. "We feel we're sort of the only friends Finland has," Michelson explains. "They can't support us, but we still give them one-fourth of our coverage. It's one of the few untraveled countries, yet it has much to offer the tourist." He annotates this argument by pointing out that much of what passes for Danish or Swedish designs is actually the work of Finnish craftsmen, but marketed in either Sweden or Denmark. Finland has been given short shrift in the eyes of the world, Michelson feels, and the *Times* is doing its best to make things more equitable.

Part of the mystery surrounding Finland is due to its peculiar political position, but there are also a number of myths and misconceptions about the other Scandinavian countries, and accordingly the *Times* would like to publish a series of special issues dealing with the current realities and recent history of each of the five na-

tions—these issues aimed not so much at the tourist but at the broader public wherever the *Times* is read. This project will have to await a generous outside sponsor, though, since the *Times* isn't yet in a position to undertake large-scale altruism. For example, the paper has received over 100,000 orders for school issues it couldn't fill, given available revenues from advertising and circulation. Some of the more ambitious projects, therefore, will have to wait a bit, or at least until Fox and Michelson can convince some advertisers to feel as Scandinavian-minded as they do.

In the meantime, even with its more earth-shattering projects postponed on account of not enough accounts, the *Times* does manage to flirt with newspaper glory once in a while. "Our Norway correspondent got us a beat," reports Michelson, "on Russian trawlers spying in the Baltic area . . . and during the Powers U-2 incident, when Russia claimed that Norway was being used as a base for spy planes, our man in Norway knew something, but he couldn't give it to us."

Despite the absence—and loss—of worldwide news beats, both Fox and Michelson do not lack for excitement in their lives. They have traveled an almost indecent

amount. While they aren't given to panic-pushing in the best traditions of journalism, the *Times*' offices have a fairly bristling atmosphere to them and all you have to do is step outside and you're next to a cafe full of students, artists, intellectuals (whatever they are) and the hipchicks who generally cafe-hop until they have a date for the night, week-end or whatever. Fox and Michelson, of course, are married lads these days, but this, too, has brought its own special kind of excitement.

Dan's wife, Inger, is one of only eight students accepted for the Danish Opera School, and he finds that becoming an opera buff isn't at all painful when there's a mezzo-soprano to sing duets with in the family shower. And Noel's bride, a tall blonde lady named Cyda (pronounced Gur-da), is a bright, sharp gal who does interviews and special reports for the Danish State Radio, so he, too, has been caught up more intimately in the intellectual life of the Danish capital.

Both Michelson and Fox miss America (especially their native New York) they confess, but both seem quite content to remain on the five-country, 2,000-mile beat for quite a while yet. Why shouldn't they, since they're having the times of their lives with their Scandinavian *Times* and their Scandinavian times! □

A Small Buddha (Continued from page 18)

could Mr. Spoad's life matter now, after what he had done?

Mr. Spoad gave him the money, and Mr. Damrong handed him the large, uncut emerald which he had removed with the point of the *kris* from the hole in the Buddha's back.

"Excellent!" Mr. Spoad said, "And the statue?"

"It is worth nothing—I left it just outside your gate, Mr. Spoad, so you shall be my witness the first time you leave your house."

"Witness?" Mr. Spoad said, puzzled. "Take it away, throw it in the river; it could cause me trouble."

"No one would suspect you, Mr. Spoad. They will know." Then, before the American could speak, Mr. Damrong stepped away and he could not be seen in the dark of the compound. "I shall not expect to see you again, Mr. Spoad," the little Thai clerk said from the gate. Mr. Spoad was dismayed to think that he and the jeweler would probably be unable to do further profitable business with the clerk. But the size and quality of the emerald consoled him.

He went out later in the morning, and as Mr. Damrong said, the small Buddha lay on its side, the empty hole in its back showing. He ignored it for a couple of days, but then, when the emerald was safely in Mr. Pak's hands, and had been

cut and smuggled to Hong Kong for sale on the black market, he became curious. None of the Thais, incredibly, tiresomely religious as they were at times, had touched the Buddha. So Mr. Spoad spoke to the first monk he saw, and finding that the old man knew a bit of English, he dropped a few baht into the monk's begging bowl, saying, "Would you come with me and look at something?"

He showed him the Buddha in front of his house, and the monk nodded gravely, as if he understood. "Do you want to take it back with you?" Mr. Spoad asked him hopefully.

"No, sar," the monk said, "I may not have it. But allow yourself to take it, sar, if you wish. I may not touch this," and the monk raised his joined palms to his nose, saying, "Karahr, karahr!" in respect to so wealthy and thus so favored a man.

"Well," Mr. Spoad said slyly, "why is it here? Should I call a policeman? Don't you want it brought to a temple?" He was anxious to get in out of the increasingly hot sun.

"No, sar, I may not touch this. See there!" the monk said, pointing to the little pile of fine sand placed neatly next to the Buddha.

"What's that? What's it mean?" Mr. Spoad asked, genuinely curious.

"Thai steals the Buddha for money,

sar," the monk said, "for to take money. He makes sand next to Buddha and promise that to pay—" the monk paused to think of the words—"to pay, he promise one hundred years for each sand to stay—" and the monk wrinkled his nose, perplexed.

"You mean," Mr. Spoad said, "for each grain of sand he promises to spend a hundred years in limbo, or hell . . . gives up his Karma . . . Nirvana?" He nearly chuckled at the thought of the little Thai clerk doing such a thing—didn't seem at all bothered by the religious business. Seemed to be interested in nothing but his twelve thousand baht. Little squirt too. Mr. Spoad thought, nicknamed Chong—The Elephant—Kent had told him some joke.

"Yes sar!" the monk said, lowering himself in a bow again, placing his joined palms at his nose in deep respect of the Westerner, dipping from the waist. It was the way. So wealthy, so fortunate, favored. A man must have lived a very good life to be so favored. "Karahr, karahr!" the monk said, thanking Mr. Spoad for his generous gift of baht.

One hundred years for each grain of sand, Mr. Spoad was thinking. No wonder to look at them, he thought. He watched the monk walk away, his begging bowl extended to the passing Thais, who passed him with no more concern showing on their face than if the old monk had been a mere insect under their feet. □

It was good to be back in the comfortable house in East Orange, New Jersey. Three days of business in Scranton were certainly enough to make a man appreciate his own hearth and home, Joe thought. With a contented sigh, he settled back in his easy chair, lit a cigar and unfolded the evening paper.

A few minutes later he became aware that his wife was standing over him. There was something uncomfortable in the air.

"I thought," she said, and he could hear the strain in her voice, "that you went to Scranton."

"I did," Joe said. "And what a dull place. Nobody to talk to but those purchasing agents and . . ."

His voice trailed off as he followed his wife's eye to the table alongside his chair. On it lay the book of matches he had just put down. On the cover of the matchbook was a picture of a gorgeous blonde wearing only a voluptuous look. Also on it were the plainly printed words: "Hotsy-Totsy Night Club, Motel and Entertainment Emporium, Las Vegas."

"It would seem," Mrs. Joe said in a tone that could have manufactured ice cubes, "that at least you found some interesting places in which to do all that dull talking. And I never realized that the suburbs of Scranton extended so far west."

"Honey," Joe said desperately, "honest, honey, I've never been to Las Vegas in my life. I don't know where . . ."

Many an embarrassed husband has found himself in the same position as poor, helpless, hopeless Joe. All a married man has to do is show up at home with a packet of strange matches and if he hasn't got an iron-clad alibi, brother, he'd better take to the hills. A perfectly innocent



trip to the corner cigar store can be as fatal as getting caught in the hay with the baby sitter.

And any smoker can find himself with the weirdest matchbooks. I live in Greenwich Village, New York, and just now, looking around my apartment, I found matchbooks advertising the following:

Jurgel and Brown Lobster Pool & Lunch, Plum Island, Mass.

Nuway Drive-In, Kansas City, Mo. Turnpike Bowladrome, North Cambridge (State not mentioned.)

Cherry Hills Country Club (No location at all mentioned.)

Far East Exchange Service, which promises "Friendly, Efficient, Economical Service" but doesn't say what kind of service it is or where you can get it.

No doubt these are all estimable establishments, but I've never been anywhere near any of them in my life. Happily for me, I've no wife to make me prove that. I'd hate to face an inquisitorial eye and answer the demanding question, "And just *whom* were you swimming around in that lobster pool with?"

A lot of people, of course, *like* to collect matches from big hotels, expensive restaurants, fancy night clubs and other places which might seem prestigious, a fact which caused a problem for the late President Roosevelt until he solved it. He was a heavy smoker, but he continually found himself groping in vain for a light. The reason was simple: every time he put a book of White House matches down on his desk, a visitor would swipe it for a souvenir.

His solution: to put a bowl of matches on his desk and let visitors help themselves. The matches were inscribed: "Stolen from the desk of FDR."

A guy who can bring home a

book of matches half as classy as those isn't likely to have much trouble with his wife, and he's in a perfect position to impress hell out of his friends just by lighting up with elaborate casualness. But then, you don't find matches like that in the vending machine at the downtown diner. It's the ones you do find there that can make trouble for an innocent man.

I got curious as to how this happens and checked with some match companies to find out. An amiable gent explained that the matchbook business is really two businesses: they sell matches and they sell advertising. Sometimes these functions are combined, as when a hotel or restaurant buys matches printed with its own name and gives them away to customers. Sometimes they go separately, as when a chewing gum firm pays the match company to have its advertising printed on 50 million matchbooks which the match company sells to the jobbers who sell them to the stores who give them to you.

Occasionally, the man said, a purely local place will buy national advertising on matches. For example, Harold's Club, a Reno gambling house, periodically pays to have matchbooks imprinted with its name distributed from Bangor to Brownsville and from Sarasota to Seattle.

But more often, the matchbook man said, the company gets stuck with some matches advertising a place that can't accept delivery. When a restaurant orders a certain number of matchbooks, the company usually runs more than are actually ordered to allow for possible printing errors, but the restaurant may not accept the surplus. Or maybe the joint's telephone number is changed and so it needs to change

its matches. Or maybe the place goes broke before all the matchbooks ordered are delivered. In any of these cases, the company sells the matches to a jobber some distance away and he makes sure that they embarrassingly wind up in your pocket.

If you don't think matches can really be embarrassing, consider the true case of a New York hotel which decided to go after more commuter business. The hotel wanted to get more trade from the fellow who occasionally finds himself stuck in town for the night or from the couple that comes into the city for a big evening and says to hell with the 11:13 home.

So the hotel ordered thousands of its matchbooks distributed in New Jersey, Long Island and Westchester. Ordinarily, jobbers don't give a hoot who's advertising on the matches they sell, but it wasn't long before they were flatly refusing to handle the hotel's matches. They were getting flooded with complaints from aggrieved husbands whose suspicious wives wanted to know just whom they'd been holed up with in the Assignment Suite of the Hotel Rendezvous.

But I know one fellow who has beaten the rap. He's a regular collector of matchbooks and has even papered a small wall in his den with them. He's always swapping matchbooks with his friends and searching for odd ones to add to his collection.

His wife has long since gotten used to his mild form of nuttiness and thinks nothing of it. When he comes home with matches from some strange motel, she doesn't even blink.

All it means is that he's added one more nice little item to his collection. □



GABY MAKES A SPLASH

California is said to have more swimming pools per square mile than any comparable area in the world. California's superb climate, and the affluence of its citizens have much to do with this pleasant fact, of course. But in compiling its statistics, the U. S. Department of Commerce failed to take into account one extremely important, and perhaps decisive, factor: the talents of Gaby Martine, the beautiful young model who was so charmingly photographed working at her part-time but related job.





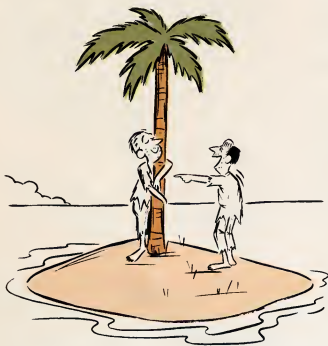


PHOTOS/DON GOODWIN

Gaby is California's, and perhaps America's, only freelance swimming pool demonstrator, and her talents as a saleswoman are in great demand among the swimming pool manufacturers of her state. A call to Gaby's Los Angeles apartment will bring her to a manufacturer's pool-showroom ready to convince prospective customers that owning a pool has many advantages. Few are the men who can say "No sale" after Gaby has slipped into the pale blue water and begun displaying her aquatic skill.



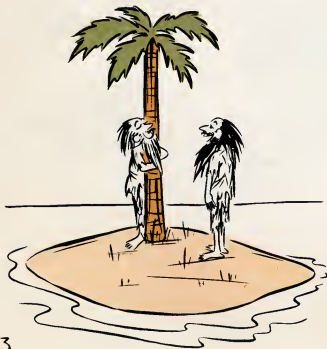




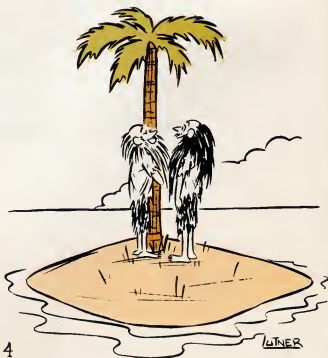
1



2



3



4

WINTER

"Ask her if she's got a friend."



One to a customer

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Letters

LADIES FIRST . . .

The beauty on the cover of the March CAPER is the loveliest girl I've ever seen on the cover of any magazine. But what's her name?

Ben Berg
Gainesville, Fla.

☐ Sorry, Ben. Her name is Timmi Shawn.

The Never-Never Nudes in the March CAPER are great. Andre de Dienes is a marvelous photographer—with a sense of humor.

Harlow Keiger
Pasadena, Calif.

. . . LAST . . .

Why did de Dienes insist on ruining his beautiful landscape photos with all those naked females? I accidentally purchased your so-called publication in order to read certain articles. I was absolutely shocked! But the worst shock of all came at seeing those artistic landscapes all cluttered up with nude women.

Henry Van Pelt
Allentown, Pa.

. . . AND ALWAYS

The girls in CAPER become more glamorous with each issue! And the March issue just about topped them all.

Neneth Joline
New York City

BOO!

That article on the "Ghost Writer" in the March CAPER was a lot of nonsense. I just can't believe that a "ghost" can even exist, no less write stories and poetry.

Don Crane
Dothan, Ala.

☐ Oh, yeah? Who do you think writes our stories and articles?

ASSASSIN

"The Courting of John Cunningham" is one of the best stories to be published in CAPER. It was interesting to see the point of view of a professional killer. And I think the author's idea about the professional assassin being the same breed as the professional soldier was an excellent and thought-provoking point.

Eric Higgins
Fort Wayne, Ind.

MORE MAYHEM

I read your picture story on water polo with great interest, as I have been a water polo player for many years. The sport is very popular here in Bermuda but I did not know that it had caught on so well in the States. As a member of the British Olympic Water Polo team I look forward to meeting you in Tokyo next year.

C. F. Winfield
St. George, Bermuda

☐ Not us, mister!

BEADY-EYED

The picture story on African beadwork in your last issue was a revelation to me. I thought my collection of East and South African folk art was complete but I suppose one is always finding something new.

Armand Favazza
Mt. Kisco, New York

LOSING THE THREAD

That bead series was about the greatest ever, cheesecake-wise. Tell me, when you took those shots didn't you wish one of those knots would come loose?

Bob Jansen
London, Ont.

☐ No, but we were a bit unstrung.

ALL HEATED UP

Boy, am I mad! When I picked up last month's CAPER on the newsstand, I thought I was going to get a real story about steam cars, which is my biggest hobby. Now I see you're only stalling. Is there really ever going to be such an article?

Albert Carson
San Antonio, Texas

CHEESED OFF

Your article about how cheesecake got its name is all wrong. According to my sources, a young photographer named Ernest Steward was employed by a newspaper editor who thought that pictures of girls had no place in his rag. Steward, however, enjoyed taking them and was, in fact, building up a sizable side income by selling what he took during business

hours to postcard and calendar printers. To alibi to his boss about his moonlighting he made up the excuse that he was going down to Delmonico's, a hangout for celebrities, to get some shots of the great. The editor, a crusty fogey, would then say, "Steward's going out to gorge on cheesecake at Delmonico's." The phrase caught on among the in-group at the office, and soon Steward himself was using it to refer to his activities. Steward was fired after the boss caught on, but the name went down in history. All this happened in 1912 and so is of earlier date than your explanation.

N. Zill
New York City

KNOCKOUT

That girl on the cover is a knockout! She ought to be in movies. I'd like to see more of her.

Felix Amburg
Carlyle, Pa.

☐ Sorry, we could get in trouble if we showed more of her.

STILL DREAMING

Who is that terrific girl on your front cover? Where has she been hiding all my life? I used to dream about girls like that. Could you give me some more information about her? You know the kind I mean.

J. Kurtz
Chicago, Ill.

☐ She's seven feet tall and works as a bouncer in a Las Vegas casino. Keep dreaming.

AD MAN OUT

I think that the article "One Flight Up to Madison Avenue" in the March CAPER is a gross insult to every advertising man and a slur on a great industry. The idea of comparing today's advertising man with an old-time pitchman is absurd.

Donald James
New York City

☐ Medicine man, Madison man—same thing.

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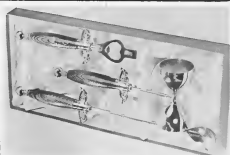
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Peter Helok



Stevan Dohanos

*We're looking for people who like to draw

IF YOU LIKE to draw, America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a professional artist.

Some time ago, we found that many men and women who could (and should) have become artists never did. Some were unsure of their talent. Others just couldn't get topnotch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we ourselves learned through long, successful experience.

Illustrating this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings, we organized a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting... lessons that anyone could take right in his own home and in his spare time. We then perfected a very personal and effective method for criticizing a student's drawings and paintings.

Our training works well. It has helped thousands find success in art.

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four years ago; today he's head artist for the same firm.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

Father of Three Starts New Career

Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a "no-future" job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time, he landed a good job as an advertising artist and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Cathony worked as an electrical tester, knew nothing about art except that he liked to draw. Two

years after enrolling with us, he became Art and Production Manager for a growing advertising agency.

With our training, Wanda Pickulski was able to give up her typing job and become the fashion artist for a local department store.

Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today, he is a successful advertising illustrator, earns seven times as much and is having a new home built for his family.

Reta Page of Payson, Utah, writes: "Thanks to your course, I've sold more than 60 paintings at up to \$100 each."

Even before he finished our training, schoolteacher Ford Button had sold a monthly comic strip to one national magazine plus panel cartoons to a host of other magazines.

Send for Famous Artists Talent Test

To find other men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a special 12-page Art Talent Test. Thousands of people formerly paid \$1 for this test. But now our School offers it free and will grade it free. People who show talent on this test are eligible for professional training by the School. Mail coupon today.

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I would like to find out whether I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

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CAPER BETWEEN COVERS

MY LIFE AND LOVES by Frank Harris (Grove Press, \$12.50).

Hey, kids! Here it is—the big one, 900-odd pages of unadulterated erotica. Be the first in your neighborhood to get eyestrain from reading (and armstrain from holding) this juicy autobiography that out-Tropics Henry Miller and that . . . Well, sorry to disappoint you young 'uns, but this hairy ogre of the book-banners, though containing the most intimate accounts of sexual liaisons outside hard-core pornography, is not merely a sensational book. It purports to be "the truth about my pilgrimage through this world."

Frank Harris was a dynamic and very gifted Irishman—writer, editor, raconteur and, by his own admission, lover of many, many beautiful women. But his life was not all fun and games; he worked as hard and fast as he played, editing quality magazines and writing fiction, articles and a widely read biography of Oscar Wilde, who said of him: "Frank Harris has been received in all the great houses—once!" It seems that Harris had an overdeveloped ego. But in spite of his vanity and a certain boorishness he numbered among his many friends, Shaw, Conrad, and Wilde.

Exactly how much ego has influenced Harris's "truth" in his autobiography must be decided by the individual reader. But, truth, fiction or a blend of both, the book makes fascinating reading and is an important document of the era.

THE FAVORITE GAME by Leonard Cohen (The Viking Press, \$4.50).

There is little doubt that Mr. Cohen, a young Canadian writer, has written the best novel to come out of that country to the north. It is even possible that he has written the best first novel of the year to come out from any country. It is the story of the boyhood and young manhood of Lawrence Breavman in Montreal and New York City, written without the cloying sentimentality and preciosity characteristic of this kind of novel today. For Breavman is a study of the paradoxical conflict of youth: its attempt to assimilate itself into a maddening world and yet retain its integrity. The portrait of Jewish and Bohemian life in Montreal has a fine satiric sharpness ("The joke around the city is: The Jews are the conscience of the world and the Breavmans are the conscience of the Jews. 'And I am the conscience of the Breavmans,' adds Lawrence Breavman. 'Actually we are the only Jews left, that is, super-Christians, first citizens with cut prongs.'"); the love story is handled with lyricism, restraint, and a soupçon of cynicism; while the entire novel is filled with insights into the newest of lost generations. Mr. Cohen is a poet of note: his clean and exact prose as well as the tight construction of the book testify to that fact.

THE BIZARRE WORLD OF EUROPEAN SPORTS by Robert Daley (William Morrow and Co., \$4.95).

Mr. Daley writes well about sports, but his real forte is writing about spectators. In this book we are introduced to the bizarre landscape of the European sports world, a world in which athletes are rated by what they do to the heart and spirit of the people who watch them and not how they rack up in statistic and bank books. The live European spectator is a vital part of the sporting event, Mr. Daley points out,

often to the point of becoming a participant: rioting in Milan or getting killed by a runaway racing car. Europeans go mad for losers as well as winners, which fact Mr. Daley considers a good thing because it keeps the prize from becoming more important than the event. His book therefore consists of essays about winners and bums in every sport current in Europe; big ones like soccer and Grand Prix and small ones like walking. The only factor considered is the sport's capacity for creating fanatics among the public. Included also is a fine piece about sport behind the Iron Curtain (polite, efficient; no riots, no fun) and a collection of Mr. Daley's very good photographs, which have the quality of helping rather than distracting from the text.

BOB HEBERT'S SECRETS OF HANDICAPPING by Bob Hebert (Prentice-Hall, Inc., \$3.95).

A top pro of the turf world for twenty-five years, Mr. Hebert's advice is sound, useful, and instructive for both the life-long bettor and the tyro in the game. Particularly interesting for us, at any rate, was Hebert's analysis of "The Track Variant," "Changing Speeds," and a chapter on "Signs and Hunches." His system is interesting, but bettor beware. He differs from many other top handicappers because he likes to up the ante after a win. We prefer laying off until the right bet comes along if you've made an early score. However, this smacks of caviling in an otherwise top book on the subject. There's also some interesting material on the history of the Sport of Kings as well as easily understood charts to illustrate the text. The price of two win bets for the book should pay off handsomely.

THE PLEASURES OF CHINESE COOKING by Grace Zia Chu (Simon & Schuster, \$4.95).

The Chinese regard cooking as an art, developed over the centuries and passed down to only the most dedicated student chefs, who were schooled in the subtleties of creating such dishes as Buddha's Delight, Golden Surprise and Drunk Chicken. But even the American novice can whip up a dinner of Mysterious East cuisine with the aid of this plainly written cookbook. The recipes are listed according to complexity, and since such culinary exotica as ginger root, bok choy and rice vinegar may not be available at your supermarket, Mme. Chu has listed substitutes.

Invite the boss over for dinner and serve (what else?) Millionaire Chicken; for your precious one, Precious Pudding; and send your beloved mother-in-law's senses reeling with a succulent platter of Thousand-year Eggs.

Besides recipes, the book has chapters on tea, how to order properly in a Chinese restaurant and the use of chopsticks. And you will finally learn the true story of the origins of those All-American favorites, Chop Mein and Chop Suey.

ON SAFARI by Armand Denis (E. P. Dutton and Co., \$5.95).

Armand Denis is one of those rare people who has made a go of doing as he chooses. Ex-monk, ex-inventor, Mr. Denis has been to all those mysterious places that lie beyond the corners of our everyday maps. Rich in incident and filled with the lore of exotic people and places, this is a life story in the tradition of Peter Freuchen's *Vagrant Viking*. Mr. Denis tells of his amazing explorations with wit and modesty, modesty which occasionally obscures the character of the author. It is a very good autobiography for people who don't care much for the form, but who like adventure.

HOW TO LOOK LIKE SOMEBODY IN BUSINESS WITHOUT BEING ANYBODY by Stephen Baker (Prentice-Hall, Inc., \$2.95).

This should be absolutely the last of the illustrated "How to" guides: it tells more than anybody wants to know about becoming a poseur in the business world. Anybody with the least seed of fakery and deceit in them should buy this book and get a reverse Dale Carnegie treatment that's also a lot of fun. Pictures are shot by a good photographer and posed by an excellent and quite versatile actor; this adds to the fun. A Bible (excuse the expression) for cads.

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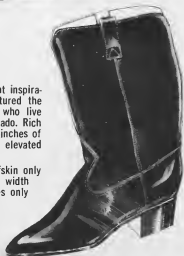
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